

Contemporary Review

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August, 1953

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, AUGUST, 1953

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The SPECIAL ATTENTION of CONTRIBUTORS is drawn to the necessity (in view of the present very high cost of production) of sending in contributions typewritten and in their final form (the number of words being stated) so as to avoid any deletions or additions on the proof.

Sometimes the addition or deletion of a single word involves the resetting of a whole paragraph and thus causes much unnecessary cost and delay.

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

AUGUST, 1953

THE OUTLOOK IN THE FAR EAST

IN the perspective of history recent events in Indo-China may seem to have been more important than events in Korea. In the much shorter perspective of a monthly publication, the latter, which are more topical, may properly be dealt with first. When this article was in preparation there was an embarrassing number of possibilities, and a variety of ways of treating them. There might, it seemed, be no armistice, in which case the fighting, presumably, would continue, together with all the human suffering and economic waste which it entailed. Alternatively there might be an armistice, in which case the spot-lights of the Korean stage would concentrate themselves on the post-armistice conference and the issues involved in it. Or there might be an armistice which President Rhee did not, and would not, sign, in which case almost anything might happen. The nightmare-like possibilities which that contingency presented were to some extent relieved by comic opera elements. Upon the Korean stage would then stand, front to front, the most powerful of the antagonists, utterly fatigued by war and anxious to shake hands; while between them strutted an irate and bombastic old gentleman declaring that he had not had enough, and was all for going on. The more one considered these possibilities, the clearer it became that what mattered most were the ways in which the events which resulted in such a medley of uncertainties have affected the aspect of the Korean question as a whole. And as the events concerned have for the most part been associated with President Rhee's behaviour, his conduct furnishes, as it were, a unifying link.

There are first the effects of the promises made to him by President Eisenhower in his letter of June 7th and, subsequently, by the latter's personal representative, Mr. Robertson. President Eisenhower said that "after the conclusion and acceptance of an armistice," he would be prepared promptly to negotiate with him "a mutual defence treaty along the lines of the treaties heretofore made between the United States and the Philippines and Australia and New Zealand." It is arguable that if President Rhee does not accept the armistice, this promise becomes null and void, and need not, therefore, be considered any longer. There was, it is true, a very personal note in President Eisenhower's phraseology, but if the promise was made to Rhee personally, and not to the South Korean State, it cannot but heighten the effects of Rhee's policy upon pre-existing conceptions of that state. For whether an armistice is signed or not, can the United Nations, after all that has happened, continue to disregard the politically, economically and physically artificial character of the South Korean State? If an armistice is made and President Rhee signs it, can they be expected to shoulder the responsibility

of according to a mutual security treaty made with him the same respect as they would accord to the treaties made by the United States with Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines? It will at once be said, the artificiality of the South Korean State did not deter the United Nations from protecting it against aggression, nor thousands of brave men, South Koreans conspicuously included, from giving their lives for it. True, indeed, tragically true; but the man at the head of the South Korean State when the aggression occurred was conceived to be a very different personality from the one which recent actualities have revealed. To what extent, it cannot but be asked, is the artificiality upon which the United Nations set its seal due to the qualities, and perhaps conduct, which President Rhee has recently displayed? This question inevitably suggests a more fundamental one. Has Rhee's behaviour rendered desirable a re-examination of the circumstances in which the aggression took place? It will be remembered that no long period was given to examination of the circumstances at the time: they were authoritatively pronounced, and acted, upon very quickly. Indeed, the promptitude with which punishment to fit the crime was chosen was considered to be a feather in the cap of the United Nations, especially when compared with the hesitant decisions, and avoidance of decisions, of the League of Nations. In a re-examination would it appear that, had President Rhee not been there, had he passed into the Valhalla of All True Patriots, the North Koreans would have joined in the elections prescribed by the United Nations, even though supervised by alien observers, and that in those circumstances there would have been no artificiality about the State of Korea, peacefully united, albeit, possibly, Red? Needless to say, if President Rhee does not sign the armistice, and President Eisenhower's promise to him of June 7th is held to have lapsed, the United Nations will be rescued from the predicament of having to consider it. But in that case Mr. Eisenhower, in his Presidential capacity, will have made on behalf of the United States a promise held to be personal to an individual, and the artificial elements in the Korean question will have been enhanced.

Then there are the promises reported to have been made by Mr. Robertson to President Rhee. One was that the United States would stand "squarely" with the Republic of Korea in the post-armistice conference. It may be that no such promise was given. If it was, and the armistice is completed with President Rhee's signature upon it, the promise cannot but complicate the post-armistice conference and the task of unifying Korea by peaceful means. That statement would hold good even if President Rhee were an amalgam of all the virtues. For to unify Korea by peaceful means needs a meeting of minds free to choose between conflicting issues. A conference not even begun with such freedom would have small chance of success, if, indeed, it were not foredoomed to failure. The armistice, as stated above, may be completed without President Rhee's signature. In that case Mr. Robertson's promise, if it was made, would be less complicating, but it would remain awkward.

For there is that not unimportant aspect of all these considerations and contingencies to be included in this necessarily brief survey, the Chinese

point of view in regard to them. If an armistice is not signed, we shall know that their combined effect, plus the confirmation of pre-existing suspicions in respect of the prisoners-of-war question supplied by President Rhee's release of so many thousands of them, together with the reported inclusion of many of the younger men in the South Korean army, have been too much for the Chinese to digest. If an armistice is signed, as on July 8th and 9th appeared likely (taking post-Stalin tendencies in Moscow prior to the fall of Beria into calculation), the three chief issues in which China will be interested at the post-armistice conference—the future safety of her Yalu frontier, the return of Formosa, and representation in the United Nations—will not have been rendered, at all events from the American point of view, any easier.

To turn to Indo-China and the "solemn declaration" to its three Associated States, Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia, made by the French Government on July 3rd. A difference between the headlines which *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* placed over this declaration provides the quickest way to the heart of Indo-Chinese affairs. The headlines of *The Times* were:

A Sovereign Indo-China

Time Now Come for Independence

The headlines of the *Manchester Guardian* were:

Ending the Colonial Outlook in Indo-China

Offer Of Greater Independence but Within French Union

The declaration itself is too long to quote in full: part of it, however, must be quoted. Having said that the brotherhood in arms between the forces of the French Union and the national forces of the Associated States had grown ever stronger, while the civil institutions of the three countries had "equipped themselves to assume all the powers which devolve on modern states," the declaration continued:

"France considers that these conditions justify the completion of the independence and sovereignty of the Associated States by the transference, in agreement with each of the three Governments concerned, of those powers which she has hitherto retained, in the interests of the States themselves, on account of the perilous situation created by the state of war.

"The French Government has decided to invite each of the three Governments to agree with it on the settlement of such questions as each shall see fit to pose, in the economic, financial, judicial, military and political fields, while respecting and safeguarding those legitimate interests of each of the contracting parties. The Government of the Republic expresses its hope that agreement on these various points will serve to make closer the friendship which unites France and the Associated States within the French Union."

The French Union, both conceptually and institutionally, is young and developing. Prior to 1944 it did not exist. The Constitution of the French Republic of 1939—the Third Republic—did not know the French Empire: it ignored it. In January and February, 1944, the French held a conference at Brazzaville and decided that highly centralised conceptions of the French Empire should yield to a federal conception. Decisions as to the ways in which this was to be done were, however, rejected, largely owing to a speech in a Constituent Assembly by M. Herriot, who

denounced them as "*acephale et anarchique*." A compromise was finally reached, embodying the principle of federation and, under the leadership of France, an evolution towards self-administration. "I underline," said M. René Pleven in an address in London in 1949, "the word *self-administration*: the Constitution does not say *self-government*." Another decision reached was the institution of an *Assemblée de l'Union Française* and of a High Council. The former is a consultative body only, the latter an organ of *liaison* and information only. Associated States, in which category come the Associated States of Indo-China, can be represented in both. They can also elect deputies to the French National Assembly—what we call Parliament. In 1949 France made conventions—*Conventions Inter-États*—with the three Associated States of Indo-China. Nobody can fail to admire the combination of precision and equipoise with which they were linked in a theoretical freedom to France, or see in what sense they were really free. What is plain is that analogies between the French Union and the British Commonwealth are justifiable only by the misleading similarity of their titles, and by some of the spirit which pervades both. Roughly speaking, both sets of headlines quoted above were right. In those of *The Times* emphasis was upon the head of the "solemn declaration"; in those of the *Manchester Guardian* it was upon their tail.

As already said, the French Union is in process of development. France has now invited Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia to revise, in consultation with herself, the *Conventions Inter-États*, and in doing so appears to be abandoning the distinction between self-administration and self-government emphasised by M. Pleven. The first response of Cambodia was unfavourable. Viet Nam and Laos, after a little delay, said they were grateful, the warmth of Viet Nam's reply being more marked than that of Laos. Up to July 6th none of them had indicated any of the questions which they had been invited to "pose." All three cannot but have noted that they had been invited to do this "on account of the perilous situation created by the state of war." During April and the first week of May this had become very perilous. The Viet-Minh were invading Laos and came within eleven miles of its capital, Luang Prabang. On May 3rd Mr. Dulles, American Secretary of State, said that the Administration had been following developments with "grave concern." A day or two later Sir Winston Churchill said in the House that the Government was "anxious." Quite suddenly, and for reasons only partially explained, the Viet-Minh retired. Subsequent news from the Red River Delta in Tongking was somewhat disturbing.

The outlook is as unpredictable as, at the time of writing, it is in Korea. That the two outlooks are to some extent inter-dependent is certain: to what extent this is the case is disputable. The main forces at work in the South-East, as in other parts of Asia are large and irreducible to a few sentences. They are nationalism, social unrest expressing itself in Communism, and looking in varying degrees to Communism for salvation, and an overriding dislike, amounting in many minds to detestation, of the insufferable superiority of so many official and unofficial representatives of the West, and of some of the West's doctrines.

E. M. GULL.

THE ITALIAN GENERAL ELECTIONS

THOUGH the campaign was not as lively as that of April 1948, little escaped the politicians in an attempt to obtain the elector's vote. Even sport did not remain untouched, and an international football match lost by Italy to Hungary at Rome became the excuse for the Fascists to recall the regime when Italy held the world championship, and for the Communists to boast of the fruits of a People's Democracy. Certain commentators who suggested "only a democracy can lose" reflected unconsciously the fundamental issue of the campaign which, though simple to formulate, was yet difficult for the electors to grasp and keep predominant in their minds: how to give the country a stable democratic government for the next five years. The Centre parties grouped together by the Electoral Law (the Christian Democrats 306 seats in the dissolved Chamber, the Liberals 15 seats, the Republicans 10, and the Democratic Socialists 33) offered to the people this possibility, but could not do more than await the confirmation of at least 50 per cent. plus one of the votes of the electorate. The campaign of the opposition parties, the Communists and the Nenni Socialists, the Fascists, and the Monarchists was in the first place to attack (and it must be admitted it was done with great efficiency) the Electoral Law, declared nothing more than a "swindle" by which an oligarchy attempted to maintain itself in power. Secondly, they exploited the inevitable dissatisfaction with any government that has been in power for five years, the long-standing economic and social problems of Italy, and finally the small democratic experience of the masses and the equally slender desire for such experience on the part of certain sections of the middle and rich classes.

This university city of Pavia, forming part of the constituency of Milan-Pavia, may be taken as reasonably typical for Northern Italy, since it is at the centre of a large agricultural and rice-growing region of the Po Valley, with much light industry concentrated in the suburbs. In 1948 the constituency returned eighteen Christian Democratic deputies, four Democratic Socialists, and fourteen Social Communists, who fought together on a Popular Front. The absence of any right wing deputies shows clearly how the Christian Democrats profited by anti-Popular Front votes, and how in this election the crucial votes were those of the middle classes, who, voting Monarchist or Fascist, would fatally reduce the strength of the democratic Centre. Precisely this happened, seats were lost by the Christian Democrats and the Democratic Socialists, and gained by both the oppositions. The most obvious signs of the electoral campaign were the party posters and the meetings. The amount of money spent on the former completely surprised the English observer, used to low expenses. The walls of the city screamed menaces and promises, insults and exultations in almost equal quantities. The two mass parties clearly determined the atmosphere of the whole campaign. The Communists wished for a low poll on the hypothesis that this would prevent the Centre obtaining a majority, and they therefore held few meetings and concentrated their party workers on the poorer parts of the city, the factories, and the farms. Frequently they succeeded in the country areas in preventing attendance at meetings of the other parties. The importance

of the so-called "Civic Committees," parish bodies organised to direct the Catholic vote towards the Christian Democrats, was undeniable, and a re-elected Christian Democratic deputy confirmed to me the value for the party of these committees, especially in the country areas. In the city the workers of the Committees, instead of conducting a house-to-house canvass, seemed to concentrate more on bill-posting. A handbook for them emphasised the poster's psychological power to mobilise a maximum poll, and gave the idea: a poll of 80 per cent. and the Democratic Centre had lost, 95 per cent., and they had won. Actually the city polled 97 per cent., and the oppositions were in a slight majority. However, the more subtle Communist tactics prevented the Committees using posters of the type "In the secrecy of the polling booth God can see you, Stalin can't," as they did in 1948. Indeed, one priest told me they attempted to mobilise votes indiscriminately for the Democratic Centre, to explain the Electoral Law and how one voted: both matters of considerable complexity for the average elector. The diocese felt a liberal influence from the Bishop, though in the country parishes some "grumbling" suggested the Committees were more out to win than to convince, speaking often of the unity and discipline of the Catholic vote.

Two things immediately struck one about the meetings: the complete absence of heckling (despite brilliant opportunities) and the serious attention with which a speaker was followed. One candidate suggested to me that was because only the older people were used to such meetings, the younger people remembering only Fascist parades. Secondly, the comparative absence in speeches of an exposition of a party's programme. The two extremes invited you to vote for them *against the Democratic Centre*. The Christian Democrats, criticising fascism and communism, cited their work of reconstruction for the country. In this their approach seemed sound and one of their electors, a bank clerk, told me he never believed any election promise, and looked much more to what De Gasperi had done for Italy. The Liberals, speaking generally in a club (emphasising their non-popular character) alone hazarded a programme which they would have actuated if they had been affirmed in sufficient numbers. The city, by being visited by both Saragat and Nenni, had the full debate on Italian Socialism brought before it. The former courageously criticised the conduct of the party since the end of the war, and showed how no realisation of its programme was possible without some middle-class support. The latter sought votes by appealing for working class unity and world peace. The meetings of the Fascists were well attended, with the return of Trieste as their main argument. One white-haired speaker wished for an agricultural policy which would free Italy from a need to import foreign grain, and thus allow her to pursue an independent foreign policy towards England. These observations, however, did not prevent him five minutes later from pleading for greater exportation to England of fresh fruit—or the crowd applauding enthusiastically. The parties held their meetings, nearly always in a piazza, to convince their sympathisers, and perhaps to try and shake the indifferent as he or she passed by or drank in a nearby café. The most attended meeting was organised by the Democratic Socialists, and given by a Spanish ex-officer of the International Brigade who described the

conditions of the Italian prisoners he had seen still held in Russia. When a Communist tried to deny his observations, the crowd rushed on the near-by seat of the Communist party. The police, who, armed, attended every meeting, at this point intervened. Sounding a trumpet, they drove their jeeps rapidly across the piazza to disperse the entire crowd. The other methods of propaganda often showed all the Italian ingenuity. The Democratic Socialists, for instance, at their meetings in the country distributed George Orwell's *Animal Farm* in a little booklet reduced to the form of comic strips. The city, too, was visited by the Exhibition of Beyond the Iron Curtain. By showing the cost of living there in relation to that in Italy, the imprisonments and the denials of liberty (*Pinocchio* is apparently among the banned books) an attempt was made to dissuade the people voting Communist. Perhaps, however, it was fortunate that the attendance appeared slight as towards the end of the campaign the Communists put out large posters revealing the photographs of "a priest maltreated in Poland" as actually having been taken of an Italian priest in Rome.

The elector seemed held at some distance from the candidates. Though the newspaper he read became increasingly partisan during the campaign, neither the local candidate nor the great national leaders seemed to have personally *touched* him, and it is significant that there were no party political broadcasts, though the news bulletins favoured the Government. In a word, "kissing the babies" would have appeared unthinkable. Perhaps for this reason it is necessary that the vote should be compulsory, though one may return a blank ballot paper. In a country where there are still four million illiterates, the complexity of the campaign and of the voting procedure were clearly enormous handicaps. In this constituency the worker or farm labourer, leaving aside Communism, had yet four types of Socialism to choose from. The Monarchists exploited this ignorance by suggesting that the poll was a referendum, and voting for them would bring about the return of the King. Few expressed preferences, as under proportional representation they are entitled to, the more so because a mistake here voided the entire ballot paper. The reply to me of a waiter in a bar that he would vote for the prettiest party symbol he found on the ballot paper is therefore not surprising but indicative.

The response of the Italian people was perhaps another case of the political experts being proved wrong. Despite the amazingly high poll (a national average of 94 per cent.), the Centre only secured 49.18 per cent. of the votes. The De Gasperi policy of trying to make of the three lay parties a future alternative government was definitely rejected. Their votes fell from 13.4 per cent. in 1948 to 9.1 per cent.; meanwhile, the votes going to the Social Communists rose from 31 per cent. to 35.5 per cent., and to the Fascists and Monarchists from 4.8 per cent. to 12.7 per cent. The immediate cause was the Electoral Law, but more fundamentally it is difficult not to attribute the *radicalisation* of the political scene of the twenty years of Fascism, which did more than one hundred years of Marxist teaching to make the class struggle a sad reality in Italy. The common people did not trust the Democratic Socialists allied with the Christian Democrats, and certain sections of the middle and rich classes

have preferred an authoritarian to a liberal solution of the democratic problem.

How will a government be formed? The Christian Democrats with 261 seats must form an alliance with another group. According to events during the life of the new parliament, they may ally themselves now to the left, now to the right. Their left wing suggests with the 75 Nenni Socialists. But even if the Communists (with whom there is a pact of unity) would allow this, great changes in foreign policy, such as loosening of Italy's membership of NATO, seem to make such an alliance impossible with the party of De Gasperi. With the Centre parties then? The 14 Liberals and the four Republicans are willing, but the doubtful ally might be the 19 Democratic Socialists. If they should refuse to collaborate, following the influence of their rank and file (which believes co-operation over the Electoral Law to have been disastrous) the Christian Democrats would be pushed to seek an alliance with the 40 Monarchists. The latter's eagerness to join a government surprises nobody: monarchism appeared a good issue to exploit to get into Parliament. The predominant quality of the situation remains therefore its indecisiveness; only time will decide where the balance finally settles. The Italian people by the elections has shown itself to be almost equally divided in its estimate of the Democratic Centre which forms the political basis of the newly established liberal republic. The responsibility, however, remains with these parties to save Italy from the long-term threat of totalitarianism. If the Centre, and particularly the Christian Democratic party, does not succeed in formulating and pursuing a social and economic policy that will obtain the support of a larger proportion of the Italian people at subsequent elections, the Communists would be ready to attempt a *coup d'état* on the shoulders of a Popular Front, or the Right, backed by authoritarian elements which exist within the Christian Democratic party, to instal a régime similar to that of Salazar in Portugal.

RICHARD WIGG.

Pavia.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ELECTIONS

WHILE I was discussing the constitutional crisis in this magazine in July, 1952, something else had begun in South Africa which relegated that crisis to the comparative background and itself dominated the general election. The Defiance of Unjust Laws Campaign was launched on June 26th, 1952, under the auspices of the African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress as a non-violent protest against laws which discriminate on the grounds of race or colour alone. During the next six months over 8,000 Africans and Indians defied these laws, accepted arrest peacefully (even joyfully), and duly submitted themselves to the verdict of the courts, preferring always to go to prison rather than pay their fines. Despite a fair amount of police provocation and ill-treatment in prison, they and the crowds who watched their demonstrations behaved with a dignity and restraint that even sympathetic observers did not believe possible; and the whole campaign

displayed a unity of purpose and degree of organisation never previously approached by non-European political movements. In October and November, however, there occurred vicious little race riots at Port Elizabeth, East London, Johannesburg, and Kimberley in which six Europeans were murdered by berserk mobs of Africans, thirty-one Africans killed, and over 150 wounded by the police. Since the Government refused to hold judicial commissions of inquiry, it has not been possible to establish the whole truth about the origin of these riots. But in no case did they arise from Defiance demonstrations or involve organisers of passive resistance. And in all cases there was some measure of administrative or police provocation which, while not excusing murder and arson, help to explain how the existing dangerous state of racial tension (of which the Defiance Campaign was only one symptom) was brought to the flash-point at which the hooligan and criminal elements took control.

The riots came at a very convenient time for the Government. A few days later on November 13th the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court declared "illegal, null and void" the Government's device to disfranchise the Coloured voters by creating a "High Court of Parliament" superior to the Appellate Division. As late as September 15th, while the Government's appeal against a similar finding in a lower court was pending, Dr. Malan had committed himself to the truculent statement: "I can give this assurance: that with all the implications of this matter, we as a Government cannot allow ourselves to lose." But in the event it was able with hardly a murmur of protest to drop all the emotional claptrap of April and May about "a Third South African War for Freedom" freeing South Africa from "the constitutional enslavement to the legislation of a superior British Parliament," because the Defiance Campaign, with the gratuitous assistance of the Mau Mau, had so aroused the White electorate's traditional fears and colour prejudices that the Government's victory was assured even on the existing rolls. Malan's Nationalists, therefore, accepted the decision of the court subject to "an appeal to the final court of the people for a mandate to establish the sovereignty of Parliament"; and constitutional attitudes yielded to colour policy as the central theme of the election.

This was, in fact, logical, since the whole constitutional controversy arose from the Government's determination to "maintain the European dominance over the overwhelming majority of non-Europeans." The tone for the Nationalist election programme was set by Dr. Malan at Odendaalsrus on November 14th (immediately after the riots and the Appeal Court judgment): "In April the people will be asked whether, in view not only of the internal disturbances, but also in view of interference in our domestic affairs from abroad (UNO, India, the Labour Party, and certain sections of the British and American press being the chief offenders), the country should have a weak or a strong government. In other words, you will be asked whether you are prepared to commit national suicide." On another occasion he said: "The colour question is by far the greatest and most serious of the country's problems. Therefore it rightly dominates the election. The Government will stand or fall by its *apartheid* policy."

The Nationalist Government immediately began to prove itself "strong" by throwing its weight around in all the riot areas, and by introducing in Parliament two new laws which gave it totalitarian powers to suppress any recrudescence of passive resistance or other form of non-European agitation. Soon after the election this attitude was made explicit in the Minister of Justice's address to the police: "Let anyone now try to defy the law and he will be hit hard. We will not play with these people in future." And the Commissioner of Police replied: "We know now that the boot is on the other foot. We will get no more 'please explain' demands when we have acted." No wonder that to one overseas visitor the South African police seemed more like an army of occupation than a police force.

This is, of course, the administrative concomitant of a policy which seeks to "retain all power in our hands." The Nationalist doctrine of *apartheid* has meant many different things to many different people, ranging from total territorial partition with exchange of populations to little more than South Africa's traditional colour bars. But it has always had this particular significance for White voters: it stands for the permanent uncompromising retention of exclusive White political control (the *baasskap* or White Domination, as the Nationalists now honestly call it), the subordination and control of non-Whites in the "White areas" (80 per cent. of the country), and possibly, though there is yet no visible evidence of this, the grant of "a measure of self-government consonant with overriding White control" in the Native Reserves (12 per cent. of the country, housing but not supporting 40 per cent. of the African population), which are to be the Bantu "national homes and fatherland." Thus *apartheid* denies any political rights or economic opportunities other than unskilled employment to African "visitors" from their "homeland." It provides the White electorate with the maximum of cheap Black labour with a minimum of inconvenience and discomfort (social and residential segregation will see to that) without the necessity of making any concessions in the direction of "the detestable doctrine of human equality."

The electoral appeal of this policy in the South African context is so obvious that Smuts' United Party, now led by J. G. N. Strauss, decided to jettison entirely its own mildly progressive tradition which it held responsible for its 1948 election defeat, and to bid for "floating" Nationalists by pledging itself (in terms hardly distinguishable from the Nationalists) to the industrial colour bar, segregation and other repressive aspects of "the traditional South African way," and by wooing them with a glittering forest of economic Christmas trees. This strategy, however, suffered from three fatal defects. The Christmas trees were too blatantly synthetic and meretricious to attract anyone. The Nationalist Party being rather the Afrikaner "nation" in arms than a political party in the ordinary sense, its supporters do not "float" in appreciable numbers even if offended by their leaders' legal improprieties or disappointed in their bread-and-butter hopes. The residual emotions of the Great Trek and the Boer Wars, reinforced by Calvinist religious dogma and literal scriptural sanction, plus the deliberate indoctrination of Afrikaans youth in church and school, are too strong for appeals to reason and a wider morality to

succeed. Thirdly, in a competition to "put the nigger in his place," the Nationalists have reserves of ruthlessness which absolutely ensure their outbidding the Opposition. "White supremacy with justice," to which the United Party pinned its faith, is a far less effective battle-cry than "White Domination" (and, incidentally, hardly less repellent to non-Europeans); and the U.P.'s admission that Africans are permanent residents in the "White economy," its objections to some of the Nationalists' more arbitrary laws, and its scruples in regard to administrative brutality, while a credit to its fundamental decency, were only an embarrassment in an election apparently fought to decide White leadership in a race war that seemed already to have begun. Hence, partly, the U.P.'s inglorious support for the Nationalists' totalitarian laws passed in February.

But such electoral opportunism availed it nothing. On April 15th the Nationalists won a decisive majority of 29 seats in a House of 159. It is true that they only polled 45.6 per cent. of the 87.8 percentage vote; but this represents a considerable advance on their 41.7 per cent. of the 78.9 per cent. vote in 1948, especially since most of the extra 9 per cent. turn-out was Opposition voters too confident to bother last time. The fact is that the Afrikaans community is outbreeding the other White races. Today it comprises 64 per cent. of the White population, against 56 per cent. twenty years ago. Since at least 70 per cent. of Afrikaners are Nationalists, the mere passage of time increases their advantage, which is further assisted by their more even distribution throughout the country (compared to the U.P.'s huge useless majorities in the towns and Natal), the loading in favour of the solidly Nationalist rural constituencies, the over-representation of German-dominated South-West Africa, and the White stampede on the colour question. All these factors will work or will be worked increasingly in the Nationalists' favour during the next few years; so that Afrikaner Nationalism will become virtually impregnable within the limits of the White electorate, and South Africa will be in fact, if not in form, a one-race, one-party dictatorship.

What of the future? The hope that a clear majority will moderate Nationalist policy is sure to be disappointed. They have already promised to press on with more restrictions upon non-Whites. Since, however, both parties have seen that the Coloured franchise is no obstacle to a Nationalist victory (and this hope rather than a genuine concern for non-European rights was the mainspring of the U.P.'s fight), there is a chance that the constitutional issue will not be made a matter of life and death unless the present republican rumblings erupt. The graver and ultimately far more fundamental danger than this quarrel between Whites is that of a polarisation of South African politics between White and Black nationalisms, implacably opposed. Since most of the Congress leaders have been proscribed under laws that allow them no redress in the courts, and since the new laws make passive resistance as hitherto applied almost impossible, one cannot forecast what overt form the increasing non-European resentment with Nationalist racial policy will take. But clearly it is as unwise as it is immoral to stop up all outlets for the expression of grievances, and then apply the pressure even more intensively, as the Nationalists evidently intend. The U.P.'s failure so far to oppose the Nationalist *herrenvolk* ideology on a firm basis of principle has led to the

emergence of two new European political parties. One seeks to combine a tentative racial liberalism with the English-jingoistic reaction to Afrikaner Nationalism in the hope of staking out a small position of power in Natal from which to argue with the Nationalists. But some of the Federal Party leaders and most of the Natal electorate are so notably illiberal that the movement may either have to shed its liberalism or abandon its "jingoism." The new Liberal Party represents the still small voice of European conscience, pledged to the old Cape doctrine of equal rights for all civilised men and equal opportunities for all to become civilised. As yet it is only a pressure-group of widely scattered intellectuals with more enthusiasm than wisdom or political experience. But on its ability to form a bridge between White and Black, to win the United Party back to some semblance of its old mildly liberal tradition, and to sustain the heroically patient refusal of the handful of non-European leaders to give way to purely anti-White nationalism, may depend whether South Africa can continue precariously to avoid the abyss for which Nationalist domination seems headed, until the still distant day when sanity again prevails among the enfranchised White community.

C. W. M. GELL.

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THE RUHR TODAY

SPENDING a day in a coal mine not only involves heat, sweat, damp and dirt: it also makes one think. How easy it is, even if justified, to complain about the rising price of coal! Yet how difficult and dangerous it is to work forty odd hours a week far under the ground to win this precious fuel—for others! There is the dust which corrodes the lungs; the peril of gases; the necessity to crouch while piercing the black wall with a hydraulic drill, for there is scarcely room to stand upright; the danger of being buried or injured by a collapsing ceiling which, to a visitor at least, appears so insecure; the darkness insufficiently dispersed by naked bulbs and miners' torchlights: the modern slavery. The impressions of a day in a Ruhr coal mine cannot differ greatly from those met in visiting a similar mine in Wales or Newcastle or anywhere else in the world. But what does strike one in a coal mine in the Ruhr—I went down one near Essen—is the zest of the miners there. Pressure is felt—not only the pressure of the "mountain," as they call the mass of coal and earth which lies heavily on the precarious ceiling of the shaft; there is pressure of the imperative need to increase production, less an order from above than the consequence of the will of each miner. This, by the way, is typical for the Ruhr in general. One meets well-nigh a fanaticism for work, as if they all fought for survival, whereas they really fight for a higher standard of life for everybody.

For everybody where? In Germany, would be the obvious answer, in western Germany. But is such limitation possible today? There is still a cold war which welds the western world into one unit, regardless of frontiers; and there is the Schuman Plan which combines the coal and steel production of the majority of the countries on the Continent of Europe this side of the Iron Curtain. It was good to realise down in a

Ruhr mine this European feeling of interdependence, of belonging to each other, of working for oneself and one's neighbours. Herr Alfried Krupp is no longer the uncrowned emperor of the Ruhr, that most precious part of western Europe; he is a very rich man, a sterling millionaire, but he is not allowed to own a coal mine. Forty million pounds are no trifle, but he cannot invest them so as to create another edition of centralised heavy industry. The work, now done underground there, on both sides of the Ruhr river, a tributary of the Rhine, is not for a dynasty of industrial barons and through them for the armament ideas of a Wilhelm the Second or Hitler the first and last; it is not even done in order to feed a heavy industry, which if existent could easily be transformed into gun manufacture, but for improving the standard of life of Germany and the neighbouring countries by increasing production of consumer and export goods. The Allied Ruhr policy has, to my mind, been a success, and the *Deutsche Bergbau-Leitung*, the coal mining authority, today conducts, from its seat in the *Gluckaufhaus* in Essen, the coal mining in the country, synchronises and adjusts it where and when necessary, and does it apparently very ably. It is conducting, synchronising and adjusting, but not dictating, for coal is not nationalised in Germany.

If one considers that only eight years ago Germany—bombed to pieces, utterly defeated—surrendered unconditionally, and that it is only five years since the western Allies introduced their magic currency reform, one must see in the renaissance of the Ruhr a miracle. In 1945 western Germany produced 35,484 million tons of coal, in 1952, 123,280 million tons, in 1938, at the peak of the Nazi rearmament, 137 million tons, only slightly more than in 1952. And though German coal production is much lower than that of Britain, Germany is leading in this respect among all the Schuman Plan countries (Western Germany, France, Belgium, the Saar, the Netherlands, Luxembourg and Italy). Just as British coal production is a little bigger than that of the Schuman Plan countries (in 1950, 15.7 per cent. of world production as compared with 15.5 per cent.), so is the west German coal output a little higher than the combined production of all other Schuman Plan countries (in 1950, 110.8 million tons, as compared with 106.2 million tons). Somebody once said that statistics can prove anything, but these figures show that the Ruhr today is one of the most important assets of the western world in the present cold war, just as it offers a great temptation to the Russians. This means that not only is it a great help in the defence programme of the western world, but also well worth-while defending.

Naturally they have their troubles and worries in the coal mining industry of the Ruhr. There is the need of modernisation for which millions are necessary, when only a fraction of these millions are available. There is the lack of young men who on leaving school are willing to become miners: in prosperous western Germany other jobs are more alluring and more comfortable. These worries are also known in Britain. But taken all in all, the machinery is working efficiently, as proved by the output which is rising from year to year. There is hardly any friction between the owners and the miners, particularly as in many cases the ownership of a mine is in its structure of a co-operative character: this is called *Gewerkschaft*, a term used in this connection to mean not Trade

Union but a kind of collective ownership. Payment is relatively good: a first rate skilled miner earns 28 Shillings a shift (7½ hours), and there are many benefits available such as cheap dwellings. Though Germany is no Welfare State in the British meaning of the word, the care for the well-being of the miner is exemplary: a care of the "capitalists," *horribile dictu*. Their logic tells them that it pays to finance this care. While I was in the Ruhr, I had the opportunity of a private view of a new miners' rescue centre which was just being completed. It is a unique institution as it is the most recent and therefore the most modern in the world. It could have been put into action on a smaller scale and with much less money. However, the mine owners did not try to save, and built a rescue centre which may well become a Mecca of its kind for the world, quite apart from the fact that it offers the Ruhr miners today a greater chance of conquering the perils incurred in their daily or nightly work. It is equipped with the latest oxygen apparatus, carried by the rescuers to the danger spots of gas-infested shafts. The rescuers are specially trained for their jobs at courses held in the Centre. They can even sleep and eat there. To make a thorough training possible, a complete model of a coal mine—behind airtight glass—was erected in the Centre. It has four floors, can be filled with poisonous gases, and the inside temperature can be regulated so as to reach 40 degrees centigrade. There the trainees learn their work in practice, while they receive their theoretical knowledge at lectures held in a big hall. Another important part of the Centre consists of laboratories where experiments are being made and inventive improvements sought. The Centre serves all the Ruhr mines in case of explosion, fire or any other large scale disaster. In case of a lesser emergency the local rescue squads go into action. A miner in the Ruhr knows that science, human courage and an excellent organisation are ready to help him in time of danger. That, too, is a stimulus for his devotion to work. The Centre has its own large car park and a stock of 40,000 sandbags.

The importance of the Ruhr lies not only in coal mining: the other part is presented by industry, particularly steel. Therefore, to receive a more complete picture, a visit to a steel plant was necessary. For this the Mannesmann plant in Huckingen near Duisburg was chosen, where seamless tubes are manufactured, indispensable for oil pipe lines. The main impression gathered in a steel plant is in a way akin to that of a coal mine; with the difference that in a steel plant the heat is even greater, and the flaming liquid metal reminds one of Dante's *Inferno*. Here they go, the small carriages with ore—from France, from Sweden, or from other countries—up by lifts to the furnace. Standing near to it and watching the two flaming streams—one of pure steel, the other of slack—both of them spitting angry little balls of melted metal, is like being in hell. The same sensation takes possession of the visitor when he later sees in an immense hall how machines and men mould the liquid flames into white-hot blocks, how these in turn are pressed, cut, shaped, until big, seamless tubes emerge from the last process. Trains bring the goods on a local railway to the nearby Rhine harbour—Duisburg claims to be the largest interior port in Europe—where they are loaded on barges on which they go down the Rhine to Rotterdam; there they are transferred to cargo

vessels, and begin their journey to distant countries, to South America or the Middle East. A number of British engineers are now temporarily working in the Mannesmann plant, in exchange for several Germans who went to the Midlands of England: thus experience becomes mutual and serves both countries. In Huckingen one was again struck by the care for the welfare of the workers—and one has always to remember that Germany is no Welfare State. Lovely little houses were built by the management for the workers—the rent is very low. And a big house, with doctors, nurses and special mineral baths stands near the factory, offering the employees most modern treatment which aims at preventing disease. To make it even more attractive to the workers, the time spent on treatment is paid for exactly as work time: no loss of wages is incurred while preserving health. Then there were talks with the officials of the *Landesregierung* in Dusseldorf, with managers and workers in the Ruhr, with their wives. They all had two wishes only: to earn more by working harder and to be left in peace. They know that they are on an upgrade curve after the catastrophe brought about by Nazism, but they are not yet satisfied. They seem to be continually egged on by the inner imperative to produce more, to create new things, to rebuild completely what is still destroyed, and to build anew. This zest should not be underestimated: kept in proper channels it immeasurably increases the value of the precious asset of the Ruhr.

The Ruhr is western—in outlook and geographically—but when the Berlin revolt broke out, the eyes of all naturally turned to the East. And they remained fixed on the East. There, the seemingly impossible has happened: a revolution of working men against “their own” Government broke out. As a German to whom I talked put it: “Since the Spartacus days, shortly after the end of the first world war, there has been no rising of workers against a Government in Germany, and there had never been any before the first world war; it is the Marxist-Communist Government in the Soviet Zone which now can claim the distinction of having forced workers out of the factories and into the streets to demonstrate against the red flag and for the flag of the Federal Republic.” It is a fantastic thought, but based on reality: while west German workers are in complete harmony with the “capitalists”—not counting the usual, democratic party strife—those of the Stalin-Allee in East Berlin rose against the Communist oppressors. The revolt itself—an act of great courage, considering the Soviet might behind the Grotewohls and the Ulbrichts—may yet prove the beginning of a new era in many respects. The “People’s Government” has been discredited, the Russian occupants have reverted—eight years after the end of the war—to the use of arms: thus the mask has fallen. Now it must be clear even to the sceptics that the Soviet in eastern Germany—and probably in all other satellite countries—are only very precariously situated. It also is clear that the half-hearted Communist “leniency” towards the population only creates an appetite for more freedom. Malenkov’s post-Stalin policy must now cause much headache not only in the East Berlin Karlshorst, the seat of the Soviet High Commissioner, but also in the Kremlin itself. What will Semoynov, East Germany’s real ruler, do? Can he—a “liberal” of sorts—reimpose the former policy as introduced by Yudin? The Russians themselves

apparently know that this is not easy, now that the latent forces against them have been awakened. But this is *their* predicament. On the other hand, there is another side of the story, as far as Germany is concerned. Western Germany was settling down to its own existence when the Berlin revolt broke out. The repercussions were very strong. The dilemma—to continue the integration to the West or to work for national unity—became burning. Before June 17th, 1953, the question of German unity was a matter of the future and of discussions; now an immediate reply and action are wanted. There are as yet no signs that the Russians would really be prepared to leave their Zone, to let their German puppets fall, and to withdraw to neighbouring Poland. But even if they did this, what about Bonn? There two schools are still opposed to each other: Dr. Adenauer and his Coalition believe that unity of Germany should in no way prejudice the integration to the West; the Social Democrats, on the other hand, think that unity should come first and with no or little regard for the consequences, in other words, they are ready to take the plunge. The majority of the population in western Germany is torn between the two: to continue on the present road of hard work and pleasant prosperity, or to wish and act in the direction of a united country. One thing is to the western Germans obvious: that they are on the right road, as proved by results. They would not like to deviate from it. But they are Germans and they cannot shut their eyes either to the fate of their brethren under the Soviet rule or to the future of their country.

The attitude of the western Allies is unambiguous; though they are resolved to go on with the integration, they are in favour of free all-German elections as a first step to unification. They will certainly draw their lesson from the result of the impending election to the *Bundestag* in Bonn. The Federal Government, too, will have to draw their lesson from it. Dr. Adenauer's chances of being returned to power are good. But the wish of the population to unite central Germany (now "People's Republic"), including the whole of Berlin, with the Federal Republic is growing. In the more distant future there looms also the problem of the territories east of the Oder-Neisse line, now forming a part of satellite Poland. All this is the other side of the picture: there are headaches not only in Moscow, but also in Bonn. Meanwhile work in the Ruhr will continue, good hard work for peace and prosperity. It is an asset which should never be lost. The question is only whether the spirit now prevailing in the Ruhr will penetrate into the Stalin-Allee in East Berlin and win it over for good, or whether the present uneasy division will remain a kind of necessary evil from which there is no way out, for the moment at least.

SIMON WOLF.

FORMOSA

FORMOSA, or to give the island its Chinese name of Taiwan, formed part of the Chinese Empire some 700 years ago. Today the Chinese regard it as forming part of China. It has been occupied by the Dutch, Spaniards, the Dutch again, who drove out the Spaniards, and the Japanese, until finally in December 1949, Chiang Kai-shek and his

defeated armies sought refuge in Formosa after having been driven out of China. By the Declaration of Cairo in December 1943, the Governments of Britain, America and China agreed that "Territories that Japan had stolen from the Chinese, such as Formosa, shall be restored to the Republic of China." In 1945 President Truman and Mr. Churchill stated in the Potsdam Proclamation that "the terms of the Cairo Declaration shall be carried out." With that statement Chiang Kai-shek concurred. Three days after the invasion of South Korea in June 1950, Mr. Truman announced a policy of neutralisation regarding Formosa, and he ordered the American Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack by the Communists in China on Formosa. He gave as his reason for this order that the occupation of Formosa by the Chinese Communists would prove a very real danger to the Pacific area and the United States forces engaged in that area.

This situation has been radically altered by the removal of the fleet and the restrictions which prevented Nationalist raids on the mainland. It has also left Formosa open to attack by the Chinese. It is known that the Chinese have retained their fleet of motorised junks along their coast, but it is doubtful whether they would be in a position to run the gauntlet of the hundred miles crossing which would take at least ten hours in the junks in face of the Nationalist fleet and air arm. Whether Russia would support such an attack, or whether the Americans would intervene in the defence of Formosa, is a moot point. In either case such intervention by Russia or America might well be prelude to the third world war.

There is no doubt that the occupation of Formosa by the Japanese brought many blessings in its train, although all the advantages were not on the side of the Formosans at the time. The Japanese greatly improved the natural resources of Formosa, and encouraged the cultivation of rice and sugar, the latter then being the staple crop. True, most of the crop was exported to Japan, but at the same time the Japanese conferred immense improvements in the system of agriculture, and gave many advantages to the farmers. Motors for the farms were introduced, electricity installed, food and clothing of the peasants were greatly improved. Railways and excellent motor roads were constructed through the length of the island, schools and hospitals were built, and education was made compulsory. Trains ran to time, and heaven help the station and engine staff if trains were late on arrival. The porters and staff lined up and bowed to the trains as they arrived and departed.

Several Chinese traders and landowners whom I met at Singapore a few years ago gave me a good insight into the economic situation prevailing in Formosa. A large landowner who had vast estates in the fertile plains on the west of Formosa told me his principal crops were rice and sugar. Many of the sugar factories of the island had been destroyed by the American bombers, but they were being rebuilt rapidly. Rice, however, was fast taking the place of sugar as the most important crop. Formerly the peasants, though industrious and hard-working, were in reality very poor. Their holdings, which often did not exceed four acres, were insufficient to support a proper condition of life, while the rapacity of the old world landlords, who exacted anything up to 70 per cent. of the crop by way of rent, took most of the farm produce and left practically nothing

for fresh seed and other necessities. In addition, the peasant had to pay high prices for fertilisers, as well as a large deposit to the landlord for securing his lease. My Chinese friend assured me that he had long since reduced his rents to less than half the former amount, and now under the new land enactments, rents had been reduced by about 50 per cent., or about 37 per cent. of the crop. Public land is now let to farmers at a rent of 25 per cent. of the crop. Under the rule of the Japanese a credit system for farmers had been set up by which they could obtain loans at a reasonable rate of interest. With the surrender of the Japanese, however, and their evacuation of the island, this system came to an end, and now the moneylenders, those parasites of the East, have it all their own way. Farmers had to pay anything up to 150 or 200 per cent. for a loan.

Another man assured me that the Economic Co-operation Administration (the ECA) is doing a great work towards restoring the economic prosperity of Formosa. Funds are provided for various purposes, part of which is recovered from payments by farmers for fertilisers and other commodity goods. These repayments are not remitted to America, but are used to finance other grants for the use of the Formosans. In other words, all the money they pay for goods supplied by the ECA remains in Formosa for their own benefit. I was at the same time impressed with the future of Formosa as an exporter of sugar and rice, which would be an important factor in the economy of the island, and would enable the Government to pay for those consumer goods which are urgently required. Much of the exchange trade would naturally be with Japan, where the sugar is in great and growing demand. My informant told me at the same time that he hoped that trade with Great Britain would continue, and he mentioned the demand for British bicycles, which, he assured me, were the best in the world.

I made extensive enquiries about the industries of the island, and was given to understand that important new works are in progress. Cement works are now producing vast quantities of cement, which was formerly exported to Australia. Now, however, my friend remarked, with a smile, "we want every bag of cement for our own defences and gun emplacements." Besides cement there is a great oil refinery at Kaohsiung, although oil in only slight quantities has been discovered in Formosa, and there is a magnificent harbour at Keelung at the northern tip of the island. The mountain streams that run down to the west would be capable of supplying all the electricity needed for the development of Formosa.

The burden of supporting the large army deemed necessary for defensive purposes and also for carrying out the constant raids on the mainland is a grievous burden on the revenue, and amounts to some 70 per cent. of the total revenue. Now that all restrictions on sea activities have been withdrawn, more than ever must the Government be prepared for defence against a possible attack from China. The lesson of the attack on Quemoy in which the Chinese were decisively defeated has not been forgotten. In short, I was assured, the Nationalists under Chiang Kai-shek are determined to make Formosa a model island, both politically and economically. The budget is balanced in spite of reduced taxes, and the revenue has increased. While drinking tea in one of the tea shops in

Saigon in Indo-China I met several Chinamen from Formosa who spoke perfect English. They compared the menu with that supplied in the Formosan restaurants, where, they told me, snakes are considered a delicacy, though men from the northern parts of China prefer duck. You can buy a six-foot python, they said, which is useful to catch rats in your house, much the same, I remembered, as the familiar rat snake that lived in the roof of our old Indian bungalows and caught the rats.

The enormous flood of immigrants from the mainland has had the inevitable effect of introducing numbers of spies and Communist agents, many of whom are provided with neat little Russian transmitter sets. Blackmail is frequently used to induce otherwise innocent people to act as agents by the threat against relatives who still remain in China. The Formosan Secret Police, under the command of the elder son of Chiang Kai-shek has absolute power to arrest and interrogate suspects, many of whom have been so roughly handled during their interrogation that they have to be carried to the execution posts on the old race-course, where they are tied up and shot. The posts, I was told, remain in position as a grim reminder to the populace. When caught, spies are tried by a military court and summarily executed. Nationalist agents are active in Hong Kong and Macao, where much valuable information is gleaned from the throng of travellers who are constantly passing through these places, and are willing to tell all they know for gold.

I was told by Nationalist officers whom I encountered at Saigon and Singapore that the morale of the Nationalist forces is now very high, and they are very different from the defeated and discredited troops who, together with Chiang Kai-shek were driven out of China by the Communists. They are now well trained, though they lack modern arms and equipment. "These will be supplied by America," they assured me, "and then we shall attack the mainland." This may be so in the future, but at present all activities are confined to raids on the coast-line, which have the effect of practical training of the troops, all of whom take their turn, while they help to maintain the general morale of the army. At the same time they afford great encouragement to the guerillas who are operating against the Communist lines of supply both to Korea and to Indo-China. When Chiang Kai-shek left China, he left behind numerous skilled engineers to organise resistance. They trained men in the use of dynamite for the destruction of bridges, many of which have been destroyed. Flimsy wooden bridges are set on fire with paraffin. All these guerrilla activities have the effect of encouraging the farmers who are discontented with Communist rule, which they say has failed to fulfil its promises of general prosperity, while they compel the Communists to retain considerable forces in the coastal regions who might have been employed in Korea or against Indo-China. Resistance to Communism on the mainland may be said to spring from three main sources, viz.:

- (a) Organised military groups who act under the command of the Formosan Government as part of the Nationalist forces.
- (b) Remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's armies in China who have refused to surrender, and still continue warfare against the Communists.
- (c) Bandits and pirates who are opposed to any government.

One of the difficulties which confronts the Nationalist army is that of replacements of sick and aged men. Morale has been adversely affected by the activities of political officials attached to all units from company level upwards. These men report on the activities of officers and men, and through their agency many officers have been arrested. A spirit of suspicion and distrust has been engendered despite the efforts of the American Mission. Each battalion has a political section as an administrative unit, whose task is to "politically educate" the soldier. They detect "defeatism," and break down all opposition to the régime within the armed forces. Those arrested are usually executed at once.

The army consists of about 500,000 men under arms, organised in twenty-one divisions. The general age is high, about thirty or so, but the advantage of having older and trained men is considered to outweigh other disadvantages. They have been under training for about three years and have become generally very efficient. Several French officers whom I met at Saigon spoke about the raids by the Nationalists on the mainland, and said that a large-scale raid on the island of Hainan would be to the advantage of both the Nationalists and the French. For the former it would act as a rehearsal for a mainland landing, much in the way that the raid on Dieppe assisted in the D Day landing in France, while it would be of great help to the French in Indo-China by putting a stop to the supply of arms and equipment to the forces of the Viet Minh which were ferried across by night in motor junks. Owing to their strict neutrality, the French were powerless to intervene, as Hainan was Chinese territory, and any irruption by the French might lead to Chinese intervention with armed forces into Indo-China, from which they had hitherto refrained.

Chiang Kai-shek and his troops are said to regard a third world war as inevitable, with resultant famine and disruption of the social life of the people. So strong is this belief that practical steps have been taken to formulate a planned programme of action to be followed in three successive stages, viz.:

- (a) The pre-reoccupation period.
- (b) The reoccupation period.
- (c) The post reoccupation period.

That the Chinese Government are fully alive to the threat of Nationalist raids against their supply lines is evident from the importance they attach to their protection. Important bodies of troops have been retained for guarding railways, bridges and other essential points, in addition to large troop concentrations in the coastal regions as protection against the incessant raids which are carried out from Formosa itself. Coastal defences have been strengthened, batteries installed, air-fields constructed for immediate defence, while larger air-fields have been established much farther inland. The troops engaged in these defences are constantly on the move, which renders any reliable estimation as to their numbers a matter of some difficulty. French officers whom I met at Saigon told me that they knew of large dumps of supplies which had been collected by the Chinese far inland for the supply of the Viet Minh troops engaged in Indo-China. Owing, however, to the policy of strict neutrality imposed by the French Government, the French Air Force were pro-

hibited from carrying out raids on these supplies.

What of the future of Formosa? It is obvious that under no circumstances will the American Government countenance the occupation of Formosa by the Chinese Communists, but without American assistance in arms and equipment, it is hardly possible that the Nationalists would be able to offer any effective or prolonged resistance should Mao Tse-tung decide to launch an all-out attack on the island. At the same time, regarding Formosa from Mao Tse-tung's point of view, the island must present a running sore to the Communist régime in China. The Nationalist army, well disciplined and well trained, and imbued with a high morale, constitutes a very real threat to the mainland, while it offers a ready refuge and welcome for every discontented man in China who has been disillusioned by the non-fulfilment of Communist promises, and has at length discovered that the rule of the Communist King Stork is, if anything, rather more oppressive than the former rule of King Log.

The present negotiations in Korea may possibly lead to an armistice and eventual peace, in which case the Chinese "volunteers" in Korea would be available for large-scale operations elsewhere, which might lead to an attack on Formosa or Indo-China. Russian diplomacy is tortuous in the extreme, and it is idle to consider results of a highly speculative character.

H. E. CROCKER.

MEMORIES OF WITTE

THE history of Russia is closely connected with three outstanding figures: Peter the Great, Witte and Lenin. Peter envisaged a survival and expansion of Russia through "military measures" bringing up to date the apparatus of the State; Witte saw the only salvation of Russia in cultural, economic and social reforms, whilst Lenin decided to achieve his aims through a violent revolution. Witte said to my grandfather: "Our government does not realise that a great national body, like a flood, is always in a permanent surge forward, and one has enough to do to regulate and direct it. But if one blocks its way, then comes a revolutionary bursting of the dam." In a prophetic memorandum he told the Tsar: "Police action cannot suppress or hold back a spiritual movement. Freedom must become the watchword of the Government. There is no other way to save the State. The historical process is not to be stopped. Freedom will develop, either through Reforms or Revolution. In the latter case it will arise from a cataclysm which will destroy for a thousand years the existence of nations. The Russian Revolution, senseless and pitiless, will turn everything to ruin. In what form Russia will emerge out of this disease we cannot guess, but the horrors will surpass everything known in history. Through foreign intervention the state may be parcelled out. There will be an effort to introduce the ideas of theoretical socialism; it will fail, but it will have definite consequences all over the world. All this will destroy the family and the religious life, private property and the foundations of law. The state therefore must take the initiative in the freedom movement. There is no other way out."

He went on to remind the Tsar that one third of the population of the Russian Empire were not Russians. He had in view chiefly the Poles and the Jews, for whom he demanded equality of rights.

The middle of the nineteenth century was the epoch of a great drive inside Russia as well as of her expansion outside. The liberation of the serfs, the Law Court Reforms, and the introduction of self-governing bodies called *Zemstvos* came one after the other. The liberation of the serfs undermined the power of the ruling classes, and it seemed imperative to reinforce their material basis. Russia was becoming more and more part of the European Concert though the greater part of her dominions lay in Asia. This New Russia started her expansion in the direction of the Near, Middle and Far East. The Caucasus was conquered. Whilst in the Caucasus it was a question of military suppression of the heroic mountaineers, in New Russia it was a question of exploiting the enormous natural wealth. Without distinction of rank and birth the most energetic people took the lead. Witte, born in 1849, was the son of an obscure civil servant of German origin. His mother was a Fadeew, daughter of Princess Dolgorouky, one of the noblest of the aristocracy. Witte, though proud of his descent, was sent to a non-privileged school and then to Odessa University. The southern capital was alive with feverish energy, building the great harbour and constructing the Russian Volunteer Fleet. Travelling by coach through the steppes of the Ukraine he realised the importance of railways to exploit their riches. Then and there he resolved to start building. He was a staunch Monarchist and saw salvation in the introduction of a Constitutional conservative monarchy which believed in progress. He was a staunch individualist as well, for he realised the importance of private property coupled with civil freedoms. He said to my grandfather: "Ideas of Socialism have found welcome in Russia because we have a very limited esteem for law in general and in particular for the rights of property, which are encroached upon daily by Government officials." When he was summoned to save Russia from complete disintegration in the revolution of 1905, he told my uncle: "I have made it possible to withdraw her disorganised army from the Far East without bloodshed. Next I organised the Duma, and after that even a donkey could cope with a revolution." His next task was to build a trans-Siberian railway and the prosperous cities of Harbin and Dalny. The Tsar, however, persisted in returning to an absolutist police régime coupled with brutal aggression and annexations. When Russia, defeated by Japan, had to negotiate peace, she had again to seek for Witte's help, despite the Tsar's saying "anybody but Witte." He went to America for this purpose. In America all public opinion was against "the Despot," and therefore against his envoy; yet in a week he succeeded in turning opinion against Japan.

The only man in Europe who had understood the genius of Witte was Bismarck, then in retirement, who foretold for him a great career. After the ruinous war Russia was bankrupt, and no loans seemed possible; yet Witte, owing to his prestige in Europe and America, arranged huge loans. As Minister of Finance he had introduced the gold standard, covered Russia with a network of railways, not strategic but commercial, and overcome at the last minute the revolution of 1905. He was then accused

by the Tsar's Camarilla of "plotting against the Tsar." He bitterly complained at that time to my uncle: "Only one thing will save me: my staunch belief in the sane political instinct and the constructive and productive forces of the great Russian people." He started in a humble position as a railway ticket collector and step by step reached the highest position. When that took place he started to unite the private railways which had squandered money received as subsidies. Those builders became millionaires. All were thrown out while the honest and the talented men, such as the Jew Kirbiz (constructor of the East Chinese line) or such as his assistant Abrahamson, were retained. When slanders of Witte reached the ears of Alexander III, saying that he had stolen 10 million roubles, the Tsar replied: "If he stole 10 millions and saved Russia 100 millions, good luck to him." In fact Witte turned a 48 million gold rouble deficit into a profit for the Treasury of a few million roubles a year. He realised that the development of Russo-Asiatic relations was the right way to proceed, and that the "window on Europe" built by Peter the Great did not give scope enough.

Witte was called in to help whenever something went wrong, as when a severe epidemic of cholera broke out in 1892 on the Volga. After the epidemic he went to see for himself the work of the Nigni-Novgorod Fair, where Asia and Russia meet and large transactions in bartering goods went on by rich but illiterate merchants. Returning to the capital he said to my grandfather: "If only the Tsar would give education, these people would rank amongst the foremost in the world." He immediately built the St. Petersburg Polytechnicum which cost 12 million gold roubles, where I met a student named Scriabin, later known as Molotoff. In Turkestan he started huge irrigation systems which were completed by the Soviets. He completed the line from Moscow to Jaroslaw, linking it up with the White Sea, Archangel and Murmansk, and Libau was turned into a first-class harbour linking Russia with Western Europe. But his main interest was in the Far East where he built the Ussuri line, which connected Vladivostok with Khabarovsk. The question arose how to build it round the Chinese territories lying in between or through Chinese lands. Witte secured permission from the Chinese government to build it through Chinese territory, an unprecedented case in international relations. He persuaded the Chinese Government that China and Russia were natural allies, as he believed himself; but the Tsarist Camarilla, aggressive and expansionist, wrecked this policy. He sadly remarked to my uncle: "I have doubled the Russian railways, but the War Office hindered me. Strategic lines were built for a war in the West, much money was unproductively squandered, and finally a war came in the Far East." On becoming Minister of Finance he carried out a gigantic programme: (1) improving the finances; (2) the introduction of the Alcohol Monopoly; (3) the introduction of the Gold Standard, and (4) foreign loans. By the Alcohol Monopoly the State earned large profits and drunkenness diminished. When he took over the Ministry his predecessor declared that "Russia was financially at the end of her tether." There was no money to pay the salaries of civil servants from August to February, 1892. The introduction of the gold standard, making the rouble equal to two francs instead of four, raised a general protest; but

the Bank Rate was reduced from 6 to 3½ per cent and foreign loans on an unprecedented scale poured in.

The defeat in the Japanese war ruined Russia once more. Witte was called in and succeeded, owing to his personal prestige, in raising a loan of 800 million gold roubles, and so restored financial order. He liked the English. The French, he said, were "republicans with a weakness for monarchs and titles." He had a great admiration for Americans and they liked him. Simplicity appealed to him. Coming to the U.S.A. he was warned not to go to the emigrant quarters, where many former Russian subjects, fleeing from Tsarist persecution, lived. He went there unguarded, kissed their children, and shook hands with humble people; soon it was known that he vehemently opposed the pogroms and they took him to their hearts. His humour and common sense appealed to them, and on many occasions people, seeing him, told my uncle, who used to accompany him on such errands, that if he were an American he would become the President. But all that was of little avail with the weak-willed, ignorant Tsar and his reactionary camarilla, with their programme of Absolutism, Orthodoxy and chauvinism. "I am a nobleman", he remarked to my uncle; "but it is unfair to improve the position of the minority (nobility) and not to care about the majority (peasantry.)" He wished to give equal rights to the peasants and to make them owners of their property, warning the nobility of the coming frightful revolution if this were not done. He objected to the making of the Greek Orthodox Church into an instrument of the Government and also, as he put it, "to dressing up everybody in a Moscow Kaftan (coat,)" since the people had long outgrown it. Russia was a conglomerate of many nations. Self-respecting nations, he declared, could not indulge in pogroms, either against the Jews or anybody else. He demanded in vain from the Tsar the granting of equal rights to them with the other subjects, as throughout civilised Europe. He proposed to nationalise the land after paying fair compensation and to divide it amongst the peasantry, especially the poorest. He succeeded, against violent opposition, in granting the Ukrainians the right to publish the Bible in their own tongue. He shortened hours of work for the labourers, but the Tsar gave powers to the police which annulled the effects of this law. The famous reactionary Minister Plehve created a semi-official organisation "The Black Hundred" which arranged Jewish pogroms on a large scale. Witte warned that this policy would lead to the non-Russian nationalities, who had only asked for local autonomy, demanding the secession from Russia, as happened in the 1917 revolution.

Witte realised that the splitting of Europe would mean war, and he stood squarely for a peaceful united block. He wanted Germany to return Alsace-Lorraine to France, and tried to make Germany an honest broker between Russia and America. He was the initiator of the Peace Conference at the Hague in 1898. He vehemently denounced the madness of Russian Pan Slavism. He stressed the role of Russia in Asia, advocating the building of railways, including the trans-Caucasian line to Persia. He wanted to build a railway to Afghanistan in agreement with England. He argued that a mighty and peaceful China would be the best alliance for Russia, and warned that partition would lead to cataclysms. He even

suggested an agreement with Japan on spheres of peaceful co-operation in Korea. "But what I offered," said Witte to my grandfather, "was considered by the Tsar high treason and folly." Time and again he drew attention to the fact that even backward China sent missions to study conditions in Europe in order to improve conditions of life at home, and that Japan had become a mighty Power by copying the West.

Being in the U.S.A. not long after the Portsmouth Treaty, I had the honour to meet Theodore Roosevelt, who repeated to me several times: "Witte is the greatest living man, who saved Russia on the brink of catastrophe unprecedented in her history." Witte told my uncle, "I came back with peace with honour for Russia and I settled the revolution, but I shall be declared by the Tsar, who hates me, that I am the enemy of him and the people." He added, "So Fate plays with men through men." He was a great admirer of Washington, and expressed his hope that the tree he planted would be the symbol of friendship between the United States and Russia.

The evil forces which brought Bolshevism to Russia were prepared by the mad Tsarist reaction. The murder of Alexander II and the political death of Witte were irreparable blows. Somebody rightly said that on the sarcophagus of the Tsar Liberator stood the true inscription, "February 19, 1861" (the date of the liberation of the serfs), whereas on the tombstone of Witte (who died in Russia in the First World War, forgotten and despised by those whom he had saved for the time being) ought to stand "October 17, 1905" (the date of the granting of the Constitution.) The tragedy lies in the fact that the connection between those two dates was broken, and a drunken revolutionary soldier destroyed the monuments which bore the figures and all they stood for.

V. DE KOROSTOVETZ.

INDIA'S FIVE-YEAR PLAN

INDIA'S 360 million people received recently their first deal since independence—a Five-Year Plan which will cost £1,591 million (Rs. 2,069 crores), and is the initial of a series which by 1977 is calculated to double the nation's *per capita* income. The Plan was given a flying start in the House of the People (India's House of Commons) when Mr. Nehru made the clarion call: "Let us remake India." And it received the stamp of final approval on January 18th, when it was unanimously adopted by the Indian National Congress at its annual session in Hyderabad. Essentially a preparatory deal for the creation of a welfare state, the Plan (period 1951-56) has already run two years. That may appear strange. What has happened is that many of the major irrigation and power schemes that were brought into operation soon after independence have been incorporated in the Plan. During the past decade or so many countries have drawn up blue-prints, but this Plan, in the given context, is the first of its kind. The aim here has not been the mere effective utilisation of resources, human and material, to obtain a larger output of goods and services. Direction posts and milestones have also been set up for a richer and more varied life, and the consequent evolution of a better human being.

The maximum emphasis in the Plan is laid on agriculture, as it is rightly believed that if the food front cracks, everything cracks. In recent years the country has, on an average, imported about three million tons of food grains a year—and the cost of it since 1948 has been about £576 million. This makes a big dent in the nation's treasury—and it hurts, for there is ample scope for eliminating, by stages, the need to import food. Towards this end of self-sufficiency in food about £407 million has been earmarked. This amount will be used to aid the farmer in every practical way. There will be more water for his land, and more land for his children—an area of about 27 million acres will be brought under cultivation by 1955-56. He will be provided with better seed and fertilisers. Today the only seed he knows of is what he has been able to grow or procure on his own initiative; and the only manure he has ever used is the cow-dung that is left over after providing for his home fires—in rural India, cow-dung is mixed with a sprinkling of hay and made into cakes, which after being dried in the sun, provide the cheapest form of fuel. Then there will be the rural extension services, which will carry to the farmer the know-how of technical improvements. Crop plans will be prepared which each farm in a particular area will be expected to follow to enable it to utilise the available physical resources to the maximum. The Plan also envisages provision of finance for agriculture. This will be a boon to the farmer. Today he finds himself badly handicapped for whenever he needs funds for financing a crop (he is too poor to be able to save for the purpose) he is driven to the village moneylender, whose technique is usurious. (Before the war, agricultural indebtedness in the country amounted to about £1,400 million, and it was only as a result of high prices during the war and a series of legislative measures that this indebtedness was more or less wiped out. A great endeavour is also to be made to vitalise rural society by modern methods of group effort. The Government is attaching great importance in this context to community projects now in operation in selected areas all over the country. The idea is to provide energetic leadership to village communities in the tackling of economic and social problems in an organised and co-operative manner. A part of the battle for self-sufficiency in food will be directed to fisheries. A survey of waters is being conducted, and high priority given to matters relating to the supply of requisites of fishermen, mechanisation of country craft, or introduction of new mechanised boats, provision of cold storage, and transport facilities, and necessary harbour facilities. It is anticipated that as a result of the schemes, fish production will increase from one million tons in 1950-51 to 1.5 million tons in 1955-56.

It has often been said that India does not wish to go the China way. This has been given practical shape by the planners, who have taken every pain to see that a beginning is made in the sphere of agrarian reform. For, if one remembers aright, it was the lack of foresight in introducing the badly-needed land reforms in China that led to the curtain being wrung on Chiang! The declared aim of the Plan is to "reduce disparities in wealth and income, eliminate exploitation, provide security for tenant and worker, and finally, promise equality of status and opportunity to different sections of the population." To achieve this aim it is proposed to fix an upper and a lower limit—the former to reduce disparities, and the

latter to maintain cultivation at a certain level of efficiency. Where land with any individual will be in excess of the limit, the general policy will be to encourage the tenants to become owners. This principle will, however, not be adopted doggedly. A provision is made for larger-than-limit holdings where public interest demands. Where holdings are below the minimum limit, every encouragement will be given to the small and middle owners to organise themselves, as far as possible, in co-operatives. The setting of the lower limit is of as much importance, if not greater, as that of setting the upper limit. As a result of the crumbling social structure in the country—the joint family system making place for the single family unit—fragmentation of holdings has, for some decades, been the bane of agriculture. At times the individual holding has been reduced to nothing more than an area covering two tennis courts. Fortunately the landless worker is not forgotten. The planners concede that it will be difficult to maintain a system in which, because of accidents of birth or circumstances, certain individuals are denied the opportunity of rising in the social scale. They have, therefore, proposed a co-operative system of management in which land and other resources of a village can be managed and developed so as to increase and diversify production, and to provide employment to those willing to work. Although the emphasis is put on agriculture and land, the industrial sector of the economy has also been given its place of pride. For, in the words of Mr. Nehru: "We have to catch up as rapidly as possible with the industrial revolution, which came long years ago to the Western countries. Moreover, we cannot remain a free country unless we build up our major industries, which are so very essential for defence."

The planners have taken great care to see that the errors of the industrial revolution, as taught us by history, are not repeated. In this they have completely rejected the *laissez-faire* doctrine. That does not mean the State is taking over everything. It certainly is not. All that is envisaged is an economy divided into two sectors—private and public—and the private sector fitting into the pattern of a controlled economy. Certain industries, like arms and ammunition, the production and control of atomic energy, and railways, are reserved exclusively for the Central Government. In the case of certain others, such as coal, iron and steel, aircraft manufacture, shipbuilding, telephone, telegraph, and wireless apparatus, further development is to be the responsibility of the State, except to the extent private enterprise is felt to be necessary. The rest of the field is left to private enterprise, individual and co-operative, but central regulation and control are envisaged for certain specified industries which are of special importance. As to the existing enterprises, there is to be no "nationalisation as most of the purposes can be served by judicious regulation."

Although to finance industrial development nearly £72 million (Rs. 94 crores) will be needed, all the amount may not be raised at home; foreign aid is welcome. The Plan emphatically reiterates the assurances already given to foreign capital as to non-discrimination, reasonable facilities for transfer of profits, repatriation of capital, and of fair and equitable compensation in the event of nationalisation. The only footnote to this is that foreign capital will be permitted in spheres where new lines of

production are to be developed, or where special types of technical skill and experience are required. The question of foreign capital has been something of a delicate issue for a long time—all the more since 1947. Occasionally, fears have been expressed that this help from outside may interfere with India's freedom—in fact, it has been blatantly suggested that such an act will be tantamount to aiding and abetting foreign imperialism to enter through the back-door! What is Mr. Nehru's answer to such critics? He says: "Almost every nation has done with help in various ways from other countries in the past, and I do not see any reason why we should prefer not to take aid, even though that aid does not influence our policy or our activities in the slightest."

In the sphere of commerce, a "remade" India will seek her share of the cake. The policy during the Plan will not merely be to maintain exports at the present level, but increase them by over 10 per cent.—this increase will be in relation to the exports in 1950-51, a boom year. The increase is expected to take place mainly in cotton piece-goods, jute yarns and manufactures, manganese ore, oils, coal and coke, tobacco, and woollen manufactures. In addition, small machine tools, dry cells, chemicals, matches, cement and paper. But what of the employment problem? In this direction one can only hazard a guess, as there is practically no data that is available. It is believed there are nearly 50 million people in the country who are unemployed or under-employed—that is, as many as the whole of the British nation! The planners hope that as a result of various schemes, about five million people would find employment. But in the period, at the present rate of half-a-million a year increase in population, there will be two-and-a-half million extra mouths to feed by 1955-56.

One of the important pillars of the Plan is the question of industrial peace, since the pace of economic progress will ultimately be decided by whether or not the workers co-operate. The Plan, therefore, recognises the workers' basic need for clothing and shelter and for improved health services, social security, better educational opportunities, and increased recreational and cultural facilities. His right to organize and access to impartial machinery is also recognised. However, it is made obligatory on the worker that only lawful means will be adopted by him to promote his interests. In the programme for transport and communications, the most serious problem facing the country is the rehabilitation of Indian railways. The Central Government have already set up a workshop for the construction of locomotives at Chittaranjan, and it is expected that during the period of the Plan, 300 locomotives will be manufactured. Another firm will supply 200 locomotives. But this will meet barely 25 per cent. of the country's needs. It is estimated that by March 1956, the total stock that will need to be replaced will be 2,092 locomotives, 8,535 coaches, and 47,535 wagons. Naturally India will look to Britain and the Commonwealth for making good the shortage. The development programme for shipping will increase the tonnage in the coastal and overseas trade to about 600,000 by 1955-56. As for national highways, the Plan provides for the construction of 450 miles of new roads and 43 very large bridges, besides a large number of small bridges. A central road research institute will be set up at a cost of about £150,000.

The importance of laying new roads in the Plan will be appreciated when it is realised that there are thousands of square miles of land which have not even a single all-weather road. For instance, the recurring problem of famine in the State of Bihar would never be as acute if there were roads to carry food grains into the inner districts during the monsoons. In the sphere of civil aviation, a corporation like the B.O.A.C. is envisaged. This, the planners assert, is necessitated because under the present conditions in transport, companies cannot work on an economic basis.

It might sound incredible to people in Britain that today in India we have innumerable villages with a population of over 2,000 where there are no facilities for post offices—and telephone and telegraph are but a dream! The Plan hopes to make amends, and it is proposed that a village with a population of 2,000 or over will have a post office.

The problem of social welfare is an important limb of the Plan, as the objective is the evolution of a better Indian. There is, for instance, the evil of trafficking in women and children. The Plan recommends adequate legislation, and effective machinery to enforce it. With regard to children, specialised institutions to educate the feeble-minded are to be set up as also a large number of creches to look after the children of working mothers. Today the children are either left by themselves, or accompany their mothers to work—usually the site of some building works, where the child is left to play about in brick and mortar and lime tanks! The Plan stresses the need for organising family welfare services. In respect of youth welfare, it is proposed to promote a co-ordinated and powerful youth movement, and to encourage the Scout movement. While Britain is in the throes of a discussion as to whether or not to bring back the "cat" for "hardened" criminals, the Plan advocates a change in the existing penal administration, bringing it in line with the requirements of modern science of correctional administration. Connected with the social problem is the question of hundreds of thousands of aboriginals—yet, there are many tribes which are not only a few decades, but quite a few centuries behind the times! The setting up of a commission to look into their conditions is recommended, and a sum of about £30 million is earmarked for helping them to advance all round. Nearly 50 per cent. of the allotment for social services, that is about £120 millions, is to be spent on all-round educational development. The number of primary schools (up to fifth form) will increase by 17 per cent., secondary schools (high schools) by 18 per cent., and technical and vocational education by 57 per cent.

The mention of India conjures up in the minds of foreigners—most of whom have never been near the Orient—the thought of a land where one has to defend oneself against innumerable mosquitoes! The position is not so bad. In fact, the menace has been, more or less, overcome in large parts of the country. But to such foreigners it will come as a relief that under the Plan top priority has been given to step up its war against these "screaming raiders." As a mosquito dives to unload its treacherous "bombs" one can hear a soft piercing sound which grows louder and louder as it approaches the target. A sum of about £13 million, of £70 million allocated for health plans, has been provided for the "war." It is hoped that nearly 200 million people will be protected through anti-malaria spray measures. Moreover, two D.D.T. plants are to be

constructed. Next to malaria, the major public health problem is tuberculosis, and it is proposed to increase the present number of beds by nearly 3,500.

For the first time the issue of population control has come to the forefront. It is conceded that there has to be family limitation to secure better health for the mother, and better care of the children. The Plan allocates £500,000 for family planning measures. It also suggests a population commission. India, too, has her housing problem. If not more acute, it is as bad as anywhere else. A provision of about £38 million is made, and top priority given for building houses in industrial centres. It will come as a great surprise that the planners have also addressed themselves to the question of public administration. "A continuous war against every species of corruption" is suggested, and some machinery to ensure high standards in public life and official positions recommended. Where will all the money for the Plan come from? To begin with, £568 million will come out of public savings—savings out of current revenues. Private savings through loans, etc., will yield about £400 million. And credit for £120 million is taken for external assistance already received from foreign resources, such as the International Bank, the U.S., Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. This leaves a gap of about £511 million. This will have to be met from further external resources, or, in the absence of it, by additional measures of internal taxation and borrowing, and from deficit financing. *Prima facie*, the Plan may not look very ambitious, yet it has in it the seed of towering ambition—the hope to make this land not only a place where all available resources will be utilised to provide increased amenities for a higher standard of living, but a land where all citizens, regardless of caste, colour or creed, will be given the opportunity for a richer and more varied life. The important thing is that the journey has begun.

INDER JIT.

ST. CLARE OF ASSISI 1194-1253

ON August 12 of this year Assisi will be celebrating the seventh centenary of the death of the second of her Saints, Clare, who survived her spiritual father, St. Francis, by twenty-seven years. The two are closely linked in Franciscan history, and in the devout affection of their fellow-citizens, who pay Clare a special meed of gratitude for having traditionally preserved Assisi from attempted enemy assaults. Her story, familiar as it is, may be briefly retraced here.

Clare was born on July 16, 1194, the eldest daughter of Count Favorino, of the noble family of the Scifi (or Scefi), whose palace is still to be seen near the Porta Nuova.¹ Rufino, part-author of the *Legend of the Three Companions*, was her cousin. We read that the name Clara, or Chiara, was chosen because of a prophecy to her mother, Ortolana, that she should bear a shining light; the name lent itself later on to much pious word-play. Most of our information about Clare comes from an anonymous *Legenda*, or *Life*, compiled in 1256, probably by Thomas of Celano, an early

¹Some doubt on the matter has recently been expressed.

biographer of St. Francis. It is printed in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and a critical edition by Professor Penacchi appeared in 1910; this has been translated into several languages, and forms the basis for *Lives* of St. Clare, such as, in English, those by Father Pascal Robinson, and Mrs. Balfour, both of 1910. Some of Clare's correspondence is also preserved, notably letters to a Bohemian princess named Agnes.

We learn that as a young girl Clare was given to prayer and works of charity, and that she set aside suggestions for marriage alliances. She must have been moved by the startling drama of the "conversion" of the young Francis Bernardone, and by the derision heaped upon him. By the time that she was eighteen, however, derision had given place to reverence, and when, during the Lent of 1212, Francis was preaching in the Cathedral, crowds flocked to hear him, Clare among them. He set forth a way of life to which her own spirit had already inclined her; she sought counsel from him, and he, after putting her sincerity to the test, agreed to receive her. Clare was sustained throughout by a kinswoman, a devout widow, named Bianca. It was arranged that they should go down, on the night of Palm Sunday, to the little settlement and Church of the Portiuncula in the plain below Assisi, and that Clare should there take her vows. At High Mass on that day of such tremendous import, Clare, wrapt in her thoughts, did not leave her place with others to receive her palm at the altar; the Bishop, we read, came down and himself placed it in her hand.

At the Portiuncula, Clare was ceremoniously met by the little group of Brothers; her hair was shorn, and she was clothed in the rough habit, and veil. This, as has been pointed out, was quite uncanonical, Francis being merely a deacon. But, in his single-minded simplicity, he had invested her just as he had invested his Brothers. When he had introduced Giles, a labourer, to his three first recruits, a magnate and two clerics, it was with the simple words: "God has sent us a good Brother;" now he felt that God had sent them a good Sister. In so far as it was possible for a woman, she should live, as was her own intent, the same life of utter poverty, the "life after the manner of the Holy Gospels."

Until some permanent settlement could be arranged for her, Francis placed Clare in first one Benedictine convent, then another. Count Favorino, naturally incensed, sought his daughter out, but could not shake her resolve. When a younger daughter, Agnes, fled to join her about a fortnight later, one is hardly surprised that his indignation redoubled; he sent armed men to drag Agnes away, but she was saved as by a miracle.

After a couple of years, the Benedictines who owned the little church of San Damiano, just outside Assisi, and a humble house adjoining it, gave them over to Francis, and here Clare was established, with a few Sisters. It is a sacred place, as it was here that Francis had heard the voice from the Crucifix bidding him "repair My house," and had, largely with his own hands, rebuilt the small ruinous church. The grey building among the olives has, happily, been left unspoilt,¹ and one can realise how narrow and primitive was the Sisters' dwelling: part of it is now *clausura* to women. In the church is preserved the breviary written by Leo for Clare; the historic Crucifix is now in Sta. Chiara. Clare's tiny terrace

¹Or was so, twenty years ago. Assisi escaped war damage.

garden, where she cultivated a few flowers, is fragrant with her memory. Francis appointed certain Brothers to care for the "Poor Ladies," as they were first called, alike in spiritual things, and in collecting alms of food for them; they were lodged in wattle huts outside the convent. In return, the Sisters prayed for them, wove and made their habits, clothes for lepers, and fine altar linen; they tended the sick who came to their door. In 1215, Clare was reluctantly compelled, by direct order from Francis, to become head of the Community, which she ruled, wisely and beloved by all, until her death. She had the joy of receiving the faithful Bianca, and her mother when widowed.

Once only does Clare seem to have gone outside San Damiano. A charming account is given by the *Fioretti* of her visit to the Portiuncula, with a companion, at the invitation of Francis. A frugal meal was to be shared, but the two Saints became so rapt in holy converse that it lay neglected, while the building appeared as if bathed in celestial light. On two other occasions, her life closely touched that of Francis. When he was debating whether he should continue preaching, or retire to the contemplative life, Clare was one of three whose counsel he sought. Lastly, when in an access of infirmity and temporary blindness, he lay sick in a wattle hut outside San Damiano, she ministered to him, and it was there and then that he composed his triumphant *Song of Brother Sun*. Two years later, on his deathbed, Francis sent her a consolatory message, and, when his body was being borne from the Portiuncula to Assisi, a stay was made outside San Damiano, that Clare and her Sisters might mourn over it; the scene has been depicted very tenderly by a follower of Giotto in the Upper Church of San Francesco.

Legend relates a startling interruption to her quiet life, when in 1234 some marauding Saracens from the army of Frederick II are said to have attacked San Damiano. Some were actually scaling its walls when St. Clare confronted them, uplifting the ciborium containing the Blessed Sacrament, which she had received permission to reserve; the assailants fell back, and retreated. This traditional incident was roughly frescoed on the façade of the convent: there is a beautiful full-page illumination of it in the Sforza Book of Hours (British Museum.) Some time after, a bigger detachment from the same army advanced on Assisi, but, in answer to the prayers of St. Clare, a tempest is said to have arisen, which overturned their tents and put them to flight.

The story of the Rule to be observed by the "Poor Ladies," or "Poor Clares," as they came to be called, is a long and complicated one, and can only be summarised here. Francis had only given them an informal Rule. Clare's unswerving loyalty to his teaching and ideals throughout the years that separated her death from his is all the more remarkable in that certain members of the Order were already seeking relaxations of the strictness of their original Rule, and that these were actually pressed on her by successive Popes. These testified their deep regard for her in various ways, and Clare was no rebel; she was, however, determined to win the sanction of authority for her claims. The two most important of these were that the Sisters should remain an integral part of the Franciscan Order, and that their convents, equally with individual Sisters, should be forbidden to hold property. Cardinal Ugolino, the early protector of

St. Francis, had in 1219 drawn up a Rule abandoning this, but when he, as Pope Gregory IX, visited Clare in 1228, and offered to release her from her first strict vows, she replied in memorable words: "Holy Father, absolve me from my sins, from following Christ I do not desire to be absolved." It was in answer to this that Gregory formally confirmed the unique grant, the *Privilegium Paupertatis*, which she had obtained from Innocent III when she became Abbess.¹ After Gregory's death, his successor, Innocent IV, made further attempts to modify her Rule, but Clare, though now weak and ill, successfully resisted to the end; Innocent's formal signature to the solemn confirmation of the Rule for which she longed, and of which she was almost certainly part-author, being appended two days only (August 9, 1253) before her death.² Beside this supreme consolation on her deathbed, Clare had that of the presence of three of the early and faithful Brothers—Leo, Angelo and Juniper. The Pope came from Perugia to attend her funeral. Two years later, in September 1255, she was canonised by his successor, Alexander IV; his Bull recounts her life. A local architect, Fra Filippo Campello, was entrusted with the building of the new church, Sta. Chiara, which incorporates part of San Giorgio, where Clare's body had found a temporary resting-place; on October 3, 1260 it was solemnly buried deep beneath the High Altar. As in the case of St. Francis, the secret burial was probably designed to foil relic-hunters; both coffins were only found in the last century. A shrine in the crypt was erected in 1872 to contain her body. A wooden panel in the church, dated 1283, but much over-painted, shows her figure, surrounded by eight scenes from her story. The design of the beautiful Italian-Gothic church, with its tall campanile, and alternate bands of rose and creamy stone, recalls San Francesco, at the opposite end of the town. The Sisters were transferred from San Damiano to inhabit the adjoining convent.

St. Clare is, naturally, a favourite figure in Franciscan art, as a pendant to St. Francis, or singly, or in a group of Saints. Her exquisite figure by Simone Martini, in the Lower Church of San Francesco, breathes the spiritual refinement which the Sienese knew so well how to convey. There is a striking ideal representation of her in later life by Alvise Vivarini (Academy, Venice), her face combines firmness and benevolence, the perfect type of an Abbess. She is sometimes pictured holding the ciborium, or a crucifix, a lily, or a book. She kneels in the foreground of Andrea della Robbia's masterpiece in the Church of the Osservanza, near Siena.

Less than fifty years after her death, the Poor Clares, or Minoreesses, had founded convents in several European countries; the name Minorities perpetuates the memory of their London House. These were all offshoots from one who humbly described herself as "a little plant set by Blessed Francis in the garden of Holy Poverty."

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

¹The document is preserved in Sta. Chiara, and is included, together with St. Clare's *Testament*, and the 1253 Rule, in a volume of original texts. (Quaracchi, 1897).

²A modified Rule was, however, accepted by a number of convents.

MENTAL HOMES

IN the part of the hospital where I am writing this as a certified mental patient the doors are always open, most patients are on a voluntary basis, and two or three times a week somebody goes home. I have climbed back up the Jacob's ladder of graded wards and am on my way to the outside world. Perhaps it is a salutary reminder of my good fortune that I should just be able to see through the trees as I look out of my window the high iron railings behind which some of the patients of the "Main Block" take their exercise, and the grim-looking erection of water-tower and chimney which is the chief landmark of almost every mental hospital.

Questions in Parliament and newspaper articles leading, so it is said, to a special investigation by the Board of Control, seem to indicate a widespread feeling that in spite of many and much-advertised reforms all is not yet well with the treatment of the mentally sick. The inherent difficulties of the problem are greatly increased by the simple fact that with mental illness the inevitable questions of authority and discipline as well as, in the case of certified patients, legal status, tend to produce an opposition between patients and those responsible for their care and cure which is absent in other forms of illness. There cannot but be two sides of the fence, one of which all too often remains in shadow. My justification for thinking that I may be able to throw light upon it is that as the result of a long-standing mental disturbance which recurs fairly regularly, though fortunately for short periods, I have been inside no less than seven different mental hospitals, both private and public, and have been certified at least as many times. Yet I retain a clear memory of happenings even in my most disturbed phases, and the fact that *Wisdom, Madness and Folly* was largely written in hospital as a certified patient is perhaps evidence that I retain a sufficient measure of balance to give a fair picture at least of the patient's point of view.

The interest of the general public in the whole problem can probably be summed up in three questions. Firstly, is there an appreciable number of certified patients kept confined without adequate reason? Secondly, does actual ill-treatment, more especially of a violent nature, still take place? Thirdly, can any serious criticisms be advanced against the general procedure for dealing with the mentally disturbed, including the vexed question of certification as well as the vital problems of rehabilitation and after-care? In attempting to answer these questions I shall confine myself chiefly to personal experience, though now and then using credible evidence from other patients as corroboration.

The first question is not easy to answer with any degree of certainty. Obviously mistakes are made on occasion, and the case which led to one of the parliamentary questions referred to above, that of a man who escaped after fifteen years in a mental home, served satisfactorily in the Army, and then got a permanent job as a miner, does not stand alone. Official psychiatric opinion points to the fact that while many patients escape from mental homes, only in the rarest instances do they succeed in remaining at large for the statutory period of a fortnight and subsequently in establishing themselves in civil life. Yet this answer surely fails to take account of the extreme difficulty which a wanted man,

probably with little money and no knowledge of the technique of concealment, has in keeping out of the hands of the police. I have myself escaped three times, and the longest period for which I kept at large was three days.

None the less I do not think that with the modern extension of the "parole" system and home leave it is likely that very large numbers of patients are held forcibly against their will. Once a patient gains contact with the outside world and demonstrates that he retains a sufficient measure of self-discipline not to get into trouble, if he is really anxious to get out he will probably be able to persuade the authorities to give him a chance. Here lethargy, the collapse of home life, unwillingness of his family to have him back, and in general the difficulty of rehabilitation, are more important factors than the legal deprivation of freedom. Such cases, moreover, are often put on to a voluntary basis, which places the responsibility of choice squarely on the patient's shoulders.

There is, however, one important qualification of this view which I can illustrate from personal experience. It is possible for a patient to fall foul of the authorities to such an extent that sheer resentment on his side appears to those responsible as an incurably violent and intractable state of mind, or even as delusions of persecution. In one large mental hospital from which I escaped, I was so unfairly and cruelly treated, particularly after my recapture, that my family and I succeeded in obtaining an investigation by the Board of Control. Although the Medical Superintendent of the hospital in question told my wife at that time that I was incurably insane and could never expect my release, I was actually at home as a free man six weeks later. The apparent miracle was simply due to the fact that, either as the result of the investigation or of pressure from my family, I was transferred to another hospital. There I was considerably treated and expressly told that my "bad record" would not be counted against me, with the natural result that my resentment disappeared and with it my symptoms of mental disturbance. It is true that this might have happened in any case, but I have often thought that had I not been transferred, a permanent delusionary system might well have formed round the sense of persecution associated in my mind with that particular hospital.

This of course raises a different point. Few things are more likely to hinder a patient's recovery than resentment at what he considers unfair treatment. Yet with excitable patients in need of discipline a certain amount of resentment is bound to be engendered. Paraphrasing the famous principle of justice, the ideal is that treatment should not merely be fair, but manifestly be seen to be fair. Only if this is the case is the patient likely to recognise that his resentment is unjustified when he returns to a more normal frame of mind, so that the vitally important relationship of confidence, more especially with his own doctor, can be re-established. One of the difficulties I have to contend with myself is that of finding a hospital I can fully trust in this respect, so that I have no fear of going for early treatment on a voluntary basis.

Here the problem of violence is obviously of great importance, since it can produce not merely resentment, but real terror. Unfortunately I can affirm without the possibility of doubt that violent and even deliberately

cruel treatment has by no means entirely disappeared from mental hospitals. At the hospital referred to above I was regularly "beaten up" on eight separate occasions, each time by four male nurses, and once to the verge of unconsciousness. To the best of my recollection I only offered violence myself on two of these occasions, though actually this is legally irrelevant. Striking a patient is held to exceed the limits of reasonable restraint and constitutes a common assault. Yet it goes on, not merely in that hospital where a "beating-up" was, as in the "bad old days," a recognised method of quietening an obstreperous patient, but as far as I can judge, in many others. Of all the mental hospitals where I have been confined there is only one of which I can say with fair assurance that the firm action of the Medical Superintendent had succeeded in reducing violent handling to a minimum. He always investigated such cases himself, attributing, where it seemed reasonable, weight to the patient's word, and unnecessary violence meant the sack. In three hospitals of my total score of seven I had no means of discovering what happened in the "bad wards," and in the remaining two I have reason to believe that rough handling and striking went on, though certainly not to the degree prevalent in the hospital where I underwent my terrifying experiences.

Let me take the hospital where I am at present as an example. It has an excellent reputation and I should make clear that I myself have received considerate and intelligent treatment during my six weeks' stay and have seen no signs of serious abuses. For this very reason it was rather a shock to find, as soon as I planned this article and began to make cautious enquiries among fellow-patients, that practically every one I asked (at least on the male side) had circumstantial stories to tell of rough handling going beyond the legally permitted limit. Patients had been kicked with obvious intent to hurt, on one occasion merely for being late for breakfast; heavy bunches of keys had been thrown at them; they had been "clipped on the head" to make them take pills; and they had been thrown to the ground and pummelled with severe blows into submission. Most of the stories were not from sufferers but from eye-witnesses, patients on what one might perhaps call the "sane fringe" of the hospital, and who certainly were not deluded or hallucinated in any way. Some were distinctly unwilling to talk and asked me on no account to mention their names in case it should go against them with the authorities. Another disturbing feature was that some of these incidents had taken place in the relatively better wards. It is at least probable that the most serious abuses occur in the "bad wards," or in padded rooms with the door shut.

This very afternoon a man I know well and like described his treatment during the excitable and aggressive fits to which he is unfortunately subject owing to war injuries. On two occasions he had struggled when being put in the padded room. Each time the procedure had been similar. As soon as the door of the room was closed (so that the nurses had presumably achieved their main object) he was held down by three nurses and hit by a fourth. Once he received such a heavy jab with the knee in the solar plexus that he was for some time in pain and for several days found it hard to get up, and on the last occasion, only a day or two ago, he received another jab with the knee in the lower part of his body and was also hit on the head. Complaints to the Medical Superintendent elicited the

reply that he was probably not in a state to know what really happened. Yet in my own experience hallucinations, inner voices and delusionary flights of ideas are readily distinguishable from brute facts such as those my friend described. I should put him down as a conscientious person, and to me at any rate his story had the ring of truth. He was indignant, had written various letters of protest, and was contemplating legal action when free. I had to tell him—and it is a sobering thought—that so far as I knew, hardly any successful actions for assault, or for that matter for anything else, had been brought by mental patients against nurses or hospital authorities, and that he obviously had no hope of proving his case. The word of a mental patient is not accepted when it conflicts with that of the “sane,” and one mental nurse frankly told me that in any public enquiry the staff would back each other up regardless of the truth as a matter of simple self-preservation and bread-and-butter.

The third question, of possible defects in the general procedure applied to the mentally sick, is too wide to treat exhaustively within the compass of this article, even if I were competent to do so. My own feeling is that under the heading of ensuring manifestly fair and considerate treatment a great deal remains to be done, and can be done by unremitting propaganda, and energetic action by the Board of Control, voluntary bodies and the Press. In this connection there seems to me to be something wrong with the procedure for certification and the means for appeal against it. Although my family and I did secure an investigation by the Board of Control on the grounds of cruelty, on two other occasions when I appealed against my certification I never even received an answer. Looking back, I think I was rightly certified, but the failure of the Board even to reply was surely unpardonable. On those two occasions justice was done, but it was certainly not “manifestly seen to be done.” Then the greatest care should be taken to explain matters clearly to the patient and to make him feel he has every chance. For example he might be allowed to call in a doctor of his choice where this is possible. This is a request I invariably make when being certified by strange doctors, but it is equally invariably ignored. In no circumstances should an incorrect statement be made. The last time I was certified, in a psychiatric clinic, my wife was coming that day, and I was expressly told by the certifying magistrate that I should see her and that I would not be certified until she had been consulted. She was late, the assurance was ignored, and I was actually transferred to another hospital ten minutes before she arrived, so that it was a fortnight before I could see her. Is it to be wondered at that I arrived at this hospital boiling with resentment?

Apart from what I have indicated above, my suggestions would chiefly follow the usual lines. My own experience of this hospital is that it is outstanding both for individual treatment and for intelligent occupational therapy, but others are badly in need of improvement. Inadequate accommodation too often still makes proper segregation difficult. Then more might be done to fit patients, particularly that numerous category whose home life has broken up, into suitable niches in the outside world, though the extensive provision of social workers both in hospitals and for after-care is obviously doing much good in this direction. Finally, I would put forward a practical proposal based on my own experience of

successful transfer. As on the previous occasion, the transfer from the psychiatric clinic to this hospital, where I have the sense of being fairly treated, has helped me to get back to normal. Few things are more important than atmosphere to mental patients, and I cannot help feeling that if a systematic experiment were made by hospitals in the exchange of difficult, refractory and resentful patients, making it clear that they were being given a fresh chance in which their previous record would not be allowed to count, surprising results might be achieved.

JOHN CUSTANCE.

ISRAEL AND HER NEIGHBOURS

IN view of the abnormality of the chronic deadlock in Korea, one is inclined to forget that a similar situation exists also elsewhere. Under the pressure of the United Nations, Israel and her Arab neighbours concluded in 1949 armistice agreements, which were subsequently guaranteed by UNO. In contrast to the usual international practice, however, they were not followed by a formal peace. As the frontiers are closed all affairs between the states and the countless incidents are left to the decision of the Mixed Armistice Commissions. How then does this organisation consisting of UNO representatives and warring semitic brothers function?

The Headquarters of the UN-Armistice Commissions, whose cars with the blue flag are permitted to cross the frontiers, or better, armistice lines—without restriction—is extraterritorial. From the Israeli and Jordan controlled parts of Jerusalem, every hotel porter can establish a telephone connection. Appointments are fixed without delay. One drives along the old city walls, past an Israeli army camp to the Jewish "frontier post." The guard has been notified of our names and time of arrival and quickly checks the passports. Then we cross into No-man's land. The next guard, a Brazilian UNO-man in uniform, rings up Headquarters before we are permitted to continue. At the last bend of the road, a signpost warns the driver "Sound your horn." General William Riley, chief of the UNO-Commission, resides with his staff in the former Palace of the High Commissioner, built by Lord Samuel, first trustee of the British mandate. Not without symbolic significance, it overlooks the Holy City from a majestic height. A second road leads from here to the more romantic Jordan-occupied parts of Jerusalem, with its countless holy places. Without formalities, an American UNO officer took us to see General Riley. About fifty years of age, he has more the appearance of a cautious diplomat than of a general. General Riley has an instinctive feeling for whatever the situation demands. During crises he generally takes the line of least resistance. This mere opportunist attitude is preferred by many delegates from both sides to a missionary one.

Armistice commissions have only been established with countries directly bordering on Israel, i.e., Jordan, Egypt, Syria and Lebanon, while Yemen, Iraq and Saudi-Arabia were merely put under obligation to refrain from hostile acts. Every Mixed Armistice Commission has a UN-delegate or observer in the chair. Israel and the respective partner

(Jordan, Egypt, Syria or Lebanon) send two representatives each and often advising experts, only if unanimity cannot be reached, the chairman has the casting vote. In addition to official, there are also unofficial meetings without, however, the right to make decisions except in the case of unanimity. Although General Riley delegates his UNO-officers into the various committees, he retains the right to take over the chairmanship at any time. During crises he has often availed himself of this privilege. The UNO-representatives (either Americans, French or Belgian) are not allowed to give orders or to initiate resolutions and they have to adhere to the Agenda agreed to by both parties. Practically, their mission consists of mediation and observing convoys, reunion of families etc. Since neither the Israelis nor the Arabs, in spite of the latter's clamouring for the second round, desire to resume hostilities at the present moment, Riley and his collaborators enjoy a strong moral position. Complete freedom of movement, which enables them to control incidents on the spot, facilitates matters. Nevertheless, the task before these representatives of the United Nations is not easy nor enviable. Often it is the fate of a UNO-officer to be accused of partiality by both sides.

While the Arab delegates time and time again suffer from being equipped with insufficient powers and often have to return home for consultations, the Israeli government adheres to the decisions made by her representatives. Senior delegate is Colonel Shaul Ramati. As he serves at the same time as liaison officer of all committees to the Foreign Office, this still very young leader of the delegation enjoys important political backing. Born in Warsaw, he came to Britain when he was six years old. (He is a graduate of Oxford and former officer in the Scottish Highland Corps.) The war first brought him into personal contact with Israelis, when Ramati came across the Jewish Brigade in Belgium. Quickly, he developed an active interest for the new state. He volunteered for service in Israel's War of Liberation and was several times severely wounded. Because of his dexterity—energy mixed with charm and elasticity—Colonel Ramati has overcome many difficult situations. It is interesting to note that he is more popular amongst the Arab delegates than amongst the UNO-representatives. (In his opinion, agreements between the two parties could be achieved much quicker without any mediators.) Ramati, too, can take over meetings of the four individual commissions at any time and does so, like General Riley whenever a crisis threatens. No language barrier exists. French and English are used during meetings with the Lebanese and the Syrians and English with the Egyptians and Jordanians. But on the Israeli side there are always delegates who speak Arabic and on the Arab there are some who understand Hebrew. In order to give an idea of the Israeli difficulties, only one figure need be mentioned: this one and half million people has to defend a hostile 750 miles border. According to Prime Minister David Ben Gurion, Israel has suffered 200 casualties since 1949. The number of killed Arab infiltrators has not been published but can be estimated as much higher.

While Israel, Egypt and Syria send only high-ranking officers as delegates, one of the Lebanese members is always a police-officer. So far, this armistice commission has held some 130 meetings, which take place one week at Metulla (Israel) and the next at neighbouring Nakura, which

belongs to Lebanon. Almost all Lebanese delegates are Christians and therefore belong to that part of the population which is not absolutely hostile towards Israel and desires peace. (Although no one would dare express this openly. Lebanon is after all the smallest of Israel's neighbours in addition to being under strong Syrian pressure). Slowly, an almost cordial atmosphere has developed at these sessions. For a long time both countries have refrained from putting in any formal complaints and there is a set agenda: (1) staking of the border; (2) border incidents (cattle, which strayed over, for which a small fine plus expenses for their keep have to be paid.) For such "mobile property" of the Maronite Bishop fines have been waived; (3) reunion of Arab families, repatriation, crossing of the frontier. According to the agreement, certain personalities are entitled to cross freely, amongst them the Greek Catholic Bishop Georges Hakkim, an Arab with headquarters at Haifa and Nazareth.

Even the exchange of prisoners, which often leads to a lot of trouble at other armistice lines, runs quite smoothly here. The Israelis hand in a list, which is checked within a week. All sorts of things can happen to an Israeli who involuntarily strays over the badly marked frontier. As soon as he is a prisoner, however, his treatment is correct and he is returned after serving his sentence. This applies more or less also to the other Arab countries. After the meetings, the Lebanese-Israeli delegation sit down for lunch and drinks. Host is the country on whose territory the session has been held. Any peace treaty with Israel will doubtless be signed by Lebanon—like the Armistice Agreement—as the second Arab state.

About seventy Syria-Israel sessions have been held. In the beginning one week at Rosh Pina (Israel) and the next at the Syrian customs house nearby. Since the Huleh conflict, meetings take place only once a fortnight. There are no informal sessions or sub-committees. The atmosphere is usually strained—with constant tension and dangers threatening. According to Israeli opinion, the Syrian dictator Colonel Shishakli needs Israel to bolster up his own position. With an eye on the "expansionist neighbour," he can take draconic measures, increase the size of the army, introduce conscription and popularise his slogan of the second round. In view of this tendency, it is obvious that Syria is not particularly keen on very cooperative delegates. The most critical danger to the UNO-peace was so far the Huleh conflict. Although an end of the malaria epidemics would be of equal benefit, for the Syrians as for Israel, they insisted on preventing the Israelis from draining the Huleh swamps. They attacked the demilitarised zone under Israel control and killed seven policemen. The then French UNO-chairman Bussavie—shortly before he had been assailed by the Egyptians for "partiality"—used his own rather peculiar method. He always considered that state guilty of a breach of the agreement which had provided the stumbling block, even if it had the incontestable right to any action. When Colonel Ramati asked to go to the spot, he refused. Only then Israel's senior delegate told him that he had lost all confidence and Bussavie was recalled.

With the consent of the Syrian delegate, Ramati then managed to go to the spot. He was fired at, but got back the bodies, prisoners and weapons. Afterwards a meeting was arranged four kilometers inside

Syria between the then Israeli Chief of Staff General Yigal Yadin and Colonel Shishakli, then Syrian deputy chief of staff. Firing went on the whole time and one could almost feel the nervous tension. For ten minutes nobody said a word. Shishakli tried to light a cigarette, but was so excited that he could not manage. Only when the talks started he controlled himself. Since then a repetition of such explosive episodes has been avoided, yet they represent an ever present danger.

Since this article was written the following changes have taken place: Conferences of all Arab armistice commissions are now held regularly and have led to a stiffer Arab attitude. Jordan-Israeli incidents are on the increase, and it remains to be seen whether the new agreement between these two countries, concluded under American and British pressure, will alleviate the situation. This agreement was still reached under the chairmanship of General Riley, who has resigned as chief of the UN-commission. He was succeeded by the Danish General Vagn Bennike, who suggested a meeting of the Chiefs-of-Staffs of Israel and the Arab League countries to conclude a real peace instead of the Armistice agreements.

A. J. FISCHER.

GEORGE ROBERT GISSING (1857-1903)

ONE of the ablest of the non-romantic school was George Robert Gissing (1857-1903). If we could imagine Dickens without a sense of humour, we should have no bad notion of the character of Gissing's work. It abounds in shrewd and close observation, it vibrates with the struggle for life in a great city; but on the whole, it is an arid, dusty, and cheerless world that the novelist describes. There is no geniality, no light-hearted extravagances, or, on the other hand, such intensity of imagination as may compensate for the pall of gloom that hangs over its denizens. Mr. Hardy's pessimistic outlook on life is chastened by his humour and his passion. Gissing is gloomy and dry-eyed. Yet the power and actuality (up to a point) of many of his books—for instance, *Demos* (1886), *New Grub Street* (1891), and *The Town Traveller* (1898)—is unquestionable. Had we not read *Thyrza* (1887), *Beside the Ionian Sea*, and *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, we might imagine he was untouched by art and by the beauty of life, and that he was lacking in tenderness. But he had deep down, a poetic imagination, though he kept it imprisoned and confined. A man of sensitive culture, he had for many years to fight desperately against adverse circumstances, and the iron went into his soul. Privation and suffering mellow some natures; it embitters others—and Gissing was among these. Yet he was a fine artist, and never sought facile short cuts to popularity by insincerities and cheap sentimentalities.

Judging Gissing, as we may fairly do, through the obvious self-revelation of *Ryecroft*, we feel that, under happier conditions, Gissing would have given a far better account of his considerable talents. But he lacked that elemental sturdiness that, in the case of some men, triumphs over adverse fates; he was too great a man to become a literary opportunist;

too small a man to shake himself free of the meanness, the pettiness, the drab horrors that he saw in the life about him. It obsessed him and at times overwhelmed him. No mention of Gissing, however, can pass unnoticed the critical genius (for it is criticism of the highest quality) of his book on Dickens. It may seem strange that this artist in grey, this coolly deliberate and ironic exponent of the seamy-side of life, should not only have admired Dickens so immensely, but have analysed so powerfully and eloquently his essential greatness. But there is the fact for those who read his critical study. And the insight and beauty of this criticism give us a higher opinion of Gissing's potential gifts, and make us the surer that he is only partially revealed in his harsh, realistic studies of contemporary life. Gissing is at his best in such passages as the following, where the imagination of the man, touched by some familiar sight, loses for the moment its cold rigidity of outlook, and glows with warmth.

"Do you know that music of the obscure ways, to which children dance? Not if you have only heard it ground to your ears' affliction beneath your windows in the square. To hear it aright you must stand in the darkness of such a by-street as this, and for the moment be at one with those who dwell around, in the bleary-eyed house, in the dim burrows of poverty, in the unmapped haunts of the semi-human. Then you will know the significance of that vulgar changing of melody; a pathos of which you did not dream will touch you, and therein the secret of hidden London will be half-revealed. The life of men who toil without hope, yet with the hunger of an unshaped desire; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labour and misery; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigour, knowing the darkness of the years to come; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood and revolts against the lot which would tame it; all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes speaks to you as you listen. It is the half-conscious striving of a nature which knows not what it would attain, which deforms a true thought by gross expression, which clutches at the beautiful and soils it with foul hands." (*Thyrza*).

Gissing's attitude is always that of a man wronged. The lot should have fallen to him in pleasant places, in a dignified old-world house with a quiet garden, a roomy library stocked with carefully chosen books, and a sufficient income to free him from the cares of earning a livelihood, in order that he might spend his hours in leisurely study and the bettering of his own powers. Instead of this, alternations of garret and cellar were his dwelling, the common parks of London his garden, the reading-room of the British Museum his library, and for many years, according to himself, he knew no place to wash in save the unattractive lavatory of the Museum. His lot was hard; but it may be that unconsciously he magnified his sufferings. From the age of twenty-five onward he seems always to have been able to earn a small livelihood. Temperamentally he was debarred from contentment and happiness; but it was possible for him to live and eat during the greater part of his working years, though his surroundings may have been dreary and drab. To the end he bore a grudge against life. He was not unfriendly, but shyness, lack of tact, and an inability to stoop to the common ways of preferment hampered him. To this it may be added that he married twice and disastrously to his

happiness on each occasion. The wonder cannot be great, therefore, that Gissing walked through life an embittered man. In his later years his income was better, and in *Veranilda* (1904) he turned from writing realistic novels of contemporary middle-class life to a romance of Rome in the time of Belisarius, and in *Will Warburton* (1905), his last complete novel, although he returns to mean streets the tone is kindlier and more gentle. Neither of these can be accounted typical of his work, and the latter was written in an easy mood as a money-making book. In good and comfortable circumstances Gissing would have been another man; his nature was friendly and sympathetic, but years of struggle with poverty and ill-success hardened him into a mood of revolt against the kind of life he knew well and hated intensely. We must take Gissing as the social world and his own mistakes of judgment made him—a man labouring under a sense of the injustice of circumstance.

His boyhood and youth might well have been spent under conditions less promising. His father, resided at Wakefield, where Gissing was born, was a man of intellectual attainments. Gissing received a good education. At Owen's College, later becoming Manchester University, he won a Shakespeare scholarship, an English poem prize, and a classical prize. For unexplicable cause, unfortunately, Gissing's career at the Owen's College collapsed, and he disappeared and was not heard of for several years living the life of a vagrant and outcast. We hear of him later as a clerk in a shipping office at Liverpool; later he crossed to America and earned his living indifferently as a classical tutor, then a gas-fitter and casual labourer. He returned to Europe in 1877 and with some money saved in America proceeded to Jena where he spent a quiet period in study and relaxation. In 1878 he was in England and published at his own expense a novel, *Workers in the Dawn*, which proved a financial failure and effected nothing save the impoverishment of the author who was flung back upon tutorial work and journalism, which, at that time, were both unremunerative employment.

With *Demos* (1886), Gissing showed his power as a writer and artist; it is a study of Socialism and its influence upon the working classes. This book displays qualities and characteristics which marked his work throughout—thoroughness, patience, the closest observation. *The Unclassed* (1884) and *Demos* (1886) set the tone and pitch of Gissing's writing for many years. *Thyrza* (1887) is the story of a factory girl, endowed with finer thought and feeling than her fellows, beset with the gross squalor and misery of life in South London. *The Nether World* (1889) is a realistic picture of misery, vice, and heartrending struggle for bread among the sunken multitudes of Clerkenwell. And in this struggle we see that the battle is not to the idealist nor the race to the eager and hopeful, but to circumstances which overpower all alike. It was not, however, till he wrote *New Grub Street* (1891) that he met with any recognition of the quality and power of his work. Yet it is by no means one of his best books. Its direct appeal in subject matter to the ordinary critic and man of letters probably accounted in a degree for the greater measure of notice the book received. *New Grub Street* is not autobiographical, but the story of the conscientious and responsible artist who fails of success while the writer of commonplace fiction prospers is a

theme upon which Gissing, more than any other writer of his day, could write with feeling and intensity. *Denzil Quarrier* (1892) removes the scene to a life of easier circumstances; and in *Lilian* we find one of the most attractive of Gissing's feminine characterisations. This book is an attack upon the immorality of those marriage laws which bind a spouse to a partner who has grossly deceived the other. *Lilian* chooses to live with another man whom she thinks she can love, but the force of public opinion is too strong for her, and her story ends in suicide. Apart from *Lilian*'s character *Denzil Quarrier* is not a successful book, nor free in passages from a failing we can rarely attribute to Gissing—exaggeration and melodrama.

To the same year belongs *Born in Exile* (1892), a longer, more ambitious and far more striking book. Here again is a hint of autobiography in the struggle between belief and doubt in the hero's mind, who is a strange mixture of strong idealism and abject hypocrisy. Ambitious to rise in the world and meet with cultivated society he fights to persuade himself into a belief in the Christian Creeds, that he may take clerical orders and receive the hall-mark of respectability. The attempt collapses, both on account of its inherent falsity and the crooked perversion of the hero's character. Gissing never surpassed this remarkable study of the complicated character of Godwin Peak, idealist and materialist, who continually excites our contempt for his double-dealing and persevering efforts to lure himself into a wholly false state of mind, while he never wholly alienates our sympathy. Never before in fiction has a finer picture been drawn of the man whose environment irks him, till he is forced into retreat, exhausted and wearied by a guerilla warfare with sleepless circumstance. *The Odd Women* (1893) is not so strong or complex a book, but it is not less pitilessly realistic. It describes the lot of superfluous and indigent gentlewomen, and the unhappy fate of a girl who marries for the sake of a home. In *The Year of Jubilee* (1894), a satire on middle-class vulgarity, and *The Town Traveller* (1898) he attempts to extract ore from worn-out workings. And this is also true of *The Whirlpool* (1897), which has for its motive the fatal spell of the pleasures and excitements of London.

The greatness of Gissing's work lies in its strength, independence and thoroughness. His *Charles Dickens* (1898) is the best book ever written on another and very different historian of the London streets. It shows how thoroughly and sympathetically he had read his Dickens, how in a measure he derived inspiration from him. Yet he could not, like Dickens, recognise gladly the humour as well as the misery of the under-world. Dickens was as earnest as Gissing, he sympathised no less with the helpless and unhappy, but he did not, like Gissing, doubt the integrity of the universe, and he could therefore be joyous where Gissing was moved only to despairing wrath. *By the Ionian Sea* (1901), the fruit of a holiday, reflects a side of Gissing's nature starved in the years of poverty and struggle—the instincts of a gentle and scholarly mind. But the very best of his later writings is the delightful and personal *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903), a happy mingling of autobiography and fiction, reflecting the musings of a recluse. In this book he raises the veil and shows the intensity of the mental suffering through which he passed in the

dark years when it was only with great difficulty he preserved unspoiled those things which are "quiet, wise, and good." But those who know his work well, need not to be reminded—for they know from his admirable monograph on Dickens—that he was a critic of rare insight; and above all they know, from his *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, that he was one of the foremost of recent essayists. Henry Ryecroft is fiction but cannot be classed as a novel, for it has neither plot nor, strictly speaking, story, and only one character, unless we count the housekeeper as a second. Neither has it any unity, except that which the personality of Ryecroft, who in essentials is Gissing himself, imparts. "Probably Gissing began with some more or less definite idea," writes Walker, "of making the book a unity." He hints as much in the preface, where he speaks of the papers of the imaginary Ryecroft; "I suspect that, in his happy leisure, there grew upon him a desire to write one more book, a book which should be written merely for his own satisfaction. Plainly, it would have been the best he had it in him to do. But he seems never to have attempted the arrangement of these fragmentary pieces, and probably because he could not decide upon the form they should take. I imagine him shrinking from the thought of a first-person volume; he would feel it too pretentious: he would bid himself wait for the day or riper wisdom. And so the pen fell from his hand."

And so, instead of an unreal unity, we have in this volume one of the most fascinating collections of "dispersed meditations" in the English language; one of the most pathetic too, when we contrast Gissing's anxious and frustrated life in *New Grub Street* with the delicate sensitiveness here revealed to the beauty of sky and field and flower. Alone of all his books *Henry Ryecroft* was written "for his own satisfaction"; and it is so greatly superior to anything else he has written that we are tempted to speculate as to what has been lost through the untoward circumstances which denied him the liberty to write always for his own satisfaction. He himself asks what would have been the result upon him if he had achieved success early, and he answers, "nothing but good." We may accept the answer. The world would have been richer, had it made Gissing richer.

Henry Ryecroft gives Gissing a place among that group of essayists of whom Lamb is chief, a place higher than that of any other writer in his time except Stevenson. He who knew so well the value of time, and who has written about it with unsurpassed wisdom, was condemned to write for money, and to write what was not his best because his mind was not in tune. "Time is money—says the vulgarest saw known to any age or people. Turn it round about, and you get a precious truth—money is time. I think of it on these dark, mist-blinded mornings, as I come down to find a glorious fire crackling and leaping in my study. Suppose I were so poor that I could not afford that heartsome blaze, how different the whole day would be! Have I not lost many and many a day of my life for lack of the material comfort which was necessary to put my mind in tune? Money is time. With money I buy for cheerful use the hours which otherwise would not in any sense be mine; nay, which would make me their miserable bondsman. Money is time, and, heaven be thanked, there needs so little of it for this sort of purchase. He who has overmuch is wont to be as badly off in regard to the true use of money, as he who has

not enough. What are we doing all our lives but purchasing, or trying to purchase, time? And most of us having grasped it with one hand, throw it away with the other." The range of *Henry Ryecroft* is very wide. Its subject is, not whatever men do, but whatever a singularly rich and thoughtful mind broods over. Nature, books, art, science, politics, the English Sunday, the ultimate problems of life and death, morals, stoicism, all are touched upon, all are more or less fully discussed. There are lighter things as well—sea-coal fires, tea, English cookery—discussed with a wholesome insular prejudice; for, though Gissing abhorred Jingoism, and looked upon the possible coming of conscription "with the sickness of dread and of disgust," he was genuinely and deeply patriotic. But perhaps the most wonderful feature of the book is the evidence it affords of a capacity for deep joy in the country on the part of this denizen of the city. His descriptions are always beautiful, and sometimes highly poetical. Winter is "Nature's annual slumber," and sunshine at that season is "the soft beam which is Nature's smile in dreaming."

Of a man of this temperament and lofty thoughts we learn without surprise that every instinct of his being is anti-democratic; that he dreads "to think of what our England may become when *Demos* rules irresistibly;" that, to him, "democracy is full of menace to all the finer hopes of civilisation"; that though there has been a day when he called himself a socialist, he is in reality in every fibre an individualist. So, surely, must the artist always be. Gissing's is no bad definition of art; "an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life." But each man must feel the zest himself, or for him it does not exist. And great part of the charm of *Henry Ryecroft* is due to the fact that it is a revelation of the temperament of an artist. There are confidences as intimate, and almost as delightful as those of Charles Lamb. Ryecroft's freedom contrasts with a harder and more grinding slavery than Lamb's had ever been. He chuckles over the sympathy offered to him in his supposed loneliness. Though the rich humour of Lamb is not to be found in Gissing, he has enriched the English language with a book which belongs to the same order as the immortal book of Elia.

J. B. PRICE.

MORE FOOD FROM THE FARM

MOST townsmen must have been startled when they learned that British farms were to produce fifty per cent more than before the war. Yet this gigantic task has already been achieved, and the national target has been stepped up to sixty per cent over pre-war. Can this be attained as quickly? And if 60 per cent why not 100 per cent? Have we really been cultivating our garden so poorly till now? Summer visitors from New Zealand and Holland will assure you: "English pastures are grossly under-stocked. Your grass is running to waste." Certainly a traveller across England by rail must be astonished at the green emptiness of the landscape. The apparent lack of population is deceptive. Hidden behind the clumps of trees are roofs of cottages and farms, visible to the traveller by road. Untrodden pastures, so lush in

summer, are bare in winter. Grass does not grow here all the year round, as in New Zealand. This was the tune the cow died of, according to our old rhyme. In our latitude, tempered as it is by the Gulf Stream and the South West Wind, the limiting factor for the head of stock we can raise is winter keep. If, for instance, we could discover a variety of early-ripening maize which would grow as tall here as in the basin of the Danube or Mississippi, pig and poultry keepers could fill our larders with ease. The old rocks of which our land surface is composed have broken down eastwards into fertile loams, which even before the war grew corn unequalled in yield per acre anywhere in the world, except in the Low Countries and Denmark. But at least one-third of the whole country, West and North, is moor, hill and crag, peaty, acid and steep, infertile and inaccessible to the plough, fit only for the hardier breeds of sheep and cattle.

The problem of raising the general fertility of the country is therefore two-fold: first how to raise the yields in the richer lowlands; and second how to use best the hills of the West of England, Wales and Scotland. Some think it would be better to concentrate on the richer lowlands, rather than to pour money and fertilizers onto the less rewarding uplands. Others, who seem to have a truer instinct of husbandry, think that the uplands should keep their traditional role of nursery for the lowlands, the breeding ground for milky ewes to mother crossbred meaty lambs of Southdown type; and for thick-coated heifers to stock the chalk and granite hills of the South and West, with calves at foot. These calves can now be got from the best bulls of any breed by artificial insemination. There is also argument to whether more resources should be put at the disposal of agriculture as a whole, or whether the same result could be obtained by better use of its existing resources—land, labour and machinery for instance. We have six times the number of tractors that we had before the war; four times as many milking machines. How many days a year is each tractor employed—12, 24 or 48? The Minister of Agriculture tells us that each farm worker now produces 25 per cent more than before the war, and that the lessening manpower is enough for a 60 per cent increase in yield. But is this increase in output per man sufficient, considering the sixfold increase in machines, which has made our farms the most highly mechanised in the world? As the economists put it: "Is the performance per man, per machine, good enough?" Their answer is "No." The way to raise production therefore is by more economical use of men and machinery, not by employing more of either.

The problem will be worked out in the field by individual farmers, aided, if they are wise, by their County advisory officers. Three-quarters of our farms are a bare 150 acres or less, and produce half the total food grown. Each of these farmers answers the problem in his own fashion. The best way to find out what is being done is to go round the country and ask. The other day in the Kent Weald I put my question to a young farmer, college educated: "Is your farm producing 50 per cent more to-day than before the war?" He replied: "More. Farming was backward on this heavy clay land before the war. My predecessor had about 5 acres of hops, as I have. The rest was permanent grass, with just enough oats for his horses. I have no horses and no permanent grass.

I have ploughed it all up, and used the stored fertility to produce 10 times as much corn as he did. After three or four years the field goes back to a grass and clover ley. On this I graze cattle and a few sheep in winter, with the help of the hay I take off it in summer, and the straw from the corn. I must have the stock to manure the hops. I must have cash crops of corn to pay for the stock and fertilizers. If I had more money I could double my turnover." A great pile of fertilizer bags lay in the barn, between a litter of pigs, under an infra red lamp, and three week-old calves just bought. The farmer told me he had already used five times as much fertilizer as I saw on the hops, besides the manure from the stockyard. Harvesting here is done by contract, which keeps down labour costs. An elderly man and a lad to drive the tractor are the only two regularly employed. A woman sometimes helps in stringing the hops, and an expert takes charge of the oast house at drying time. Picking is still by hand in the old style. But contracting seems to point the way for small farmers, in default of co-operation. Under the apple trees in a neighbouring orchard were rows of cider barrels, for which there is a ready but limited demand. A fortune seems to be going to waste because English people do not drink apple juice.

South-westwards nearer Romney Marsh I was shown long-woolled sheep, which even a New Zealander would find hard to criticise, and red Sussex cattle, soon going overseas to South Africa and Texas. On the chalk the princely Southdown sheep are now hard to find; but behind Beachy Head on top of the down, I saw several wheat stacks, and in combes beyond, running down to the Seven Sisters cliffs, were hundreds of black-nosed Kerry Hill ewes from Wales with their well-rounded lambs, fathered by Dorset Downs. At the cliff edge, black yearling cattle with white faces disclosed their Hereford—Aberdeen Angus parentage. The black cows were grazing in a sheltered valley with their suckling calves. Here is a revolution in South Down farming. There are no yards or folds. The cattle, young and old, stay out all winter with the sheep. The young Scotch shepherd does his rounds on horseback. On the Hampshire Downs, round Winchester, I found Clun Forest sheep had replaced Hampshire Downs. Like the Kerrys they require no folding. On Salisbury Plain were fewer sheep than formerly, but more dairy cattle and much more corn. I passed grass-drying plants by the roadside, witness of another revolution in English farming, only yet gathering way—scientific conservation of high-protein fodder. Big white factories in Somerset were evidence of a growing demand for conserved milk products. I visited one of the rare farms where Cheddar cheese was still being made, and then I turned aside to see a Dorset dairy factory where a short train-load of cheese—35 tons—is loaded every day in June.

Much still remains to be done on the Somerset Plain between Bath and Bridgwater and the hills to the West; but much has already been achieved, even on the bleak, intractable soil of Exmoor. Here I saw good pasture being grazed by Cheviots, as well as by the hardier Exmoor Horn sheep, where a few years ago was nothing but heather, peat and sedge. Both here and on Dartmoor and Bodmin Moor sturdy Galloway cattle have been introduced with success to cross with Shorthorns. Bodmin Moor has been in part enclosed, by agreement among the commoners, and here

I was shown their varied stock of North and South Devons, the latter a great double purpose, or triple purpose breed. The sheep were Devon Longwools. All were grazing excellent pasture, where bracken, heather and gorse used to have it their own way. Shell sand from the seashore, containing 50 per cent lime, works wonders here. Some patches of open moor which had been merely limed and left unenclosed, were bright green and were being eagerly grazed by moorland ponies. Crossing the Bristol Channel I spent a day in the green Vale of Towy. Carmarthenshire farms I found well stocked with sweet-smelling hay and silage for the dairy herds. A co-operative grass-drying plant was taking the farmers' fancy. We do not yet know our debt to the high priests of grass at Aberystwyth. In Wales I learned to have faith in the future of the Welsh Mountain sheep, as a mother for English lambs, and in Welsh Black cattle, for both beef and milk. Thrifty on the hills of the mainland they respond at once to generous feeding on the richer pastures of Anglesey. One which the owner invited me to handle felt as taut as steel.

Wishing to compare English hill sheep with the Welsh I recrossed the Border near Welshpool, where, in Powis Castle Park, I saw a flock of Black Welsh Mountain sheep, carrying heavy fleeces of the finest wool. Travelling on through highly-farmed districts of Shropshire and Cheshire I reached the western slopes of the Pennines. Here the horned and hardy Lonk ranges the heather, crossed often on lower ground with the bigger Wensleydale ram. North of Lancashire, in Westmorland, the Rough Fell ewe replaced the Lonk. Here on the high, open hillside only the pure-bred Rough Fell can survive in winter, and then only in its second year. When the fell shepherd sees his flock coming down towards the farm he knows a blizzard is brewing. Rough tracks lead up from the road along the steep side of the dale to the limit of the enclosed land, where the shepherd lives. At one such place, on the borders of Westmorland and the West Riding I found the shepherd living in a rebuilt stone house, well warmed and lit, with new barns and byres outside, the barns crammed to the roof with hay and pea straw. The hay comes from fields too steep to plough, but well manured by Galloway steers, and generously limed and fed with phosphates in the form of basic slag. Even without reseeding this has made an enormous difference to the yield. Geese and poultry were kept round the farmstead. Output was evidently on the upgrade here. Wherever possible ploughs were breaking up the fell for reseeding.

Making a jump to the Western Highlands, I found the same process at work. I walked over a green hill above Loch Etive with a farmer who pointed proudly to the mixture of grasses beneath our feet. "Last year this was all bracken," he said. His Highland cattle were grazing on the heather higher up. In winter the yearlings are yarded on hay, roots and some bruised oats grown by the Loch. The cows are stall fed till they calve to provide manure. Second winter heifers stay out on the hill. The further one goes north on the mainland or islands the more pressing becomes the problem of winter keep. On the East Coast winds are chillier in winter than in Argyll, even as far south as Lincolnshire; but the soil is kindlier. Here I saw Lincoln Red Shorthorns growing fat on land reclaimed from the Wash, and excavators throwing up a fresh sea wall over the salt marsh. I saw the latest kinds of cabbage planting and potato

harvesting machines at work; new factories for pea canning and freezing; and in Holkham Park lucerne being cut to supply a large scale grass dryer. It was here that Coke of Norfolk gave prizes to children for specimens of good grasses, another reminder that in grass and the skilled control of its use we have the first key to bigger food output. The second is to feed the land with animal humus and chemical fertilizers also as an extra spur. To these aids we can now add labour-saving machinery and better control over pests and diseases. All hinges on the fact that the land inspires a loyalty less often found elsewhere. New farm institutes are opening. Young farmers' clubs are looking over the hedge, and judging the crops and stock of their elders. Agricultural colleges are opening their doors to schoolchildren. A young farmer I spoke to laughed at the Law of Diminishing Return. "Not on my land," he said. "Not in my lifetime."

ANTHONY DELL.

THE WAYS OF A RAVEN

RAVENS are among the earliest of British birds to turn their attention to domestic matters and it is not unusual for eggs to be laid in February. Indeed, some years ago I watched a pair renovating a former nest on January 20th and although the next few days saw many showers of snow and hail, accompanied by bitterly cold winds, the ravens did not slacken their activities. Perhaps one reason why they are so go-ahead in family affairs is because they pair for life, the wedded couples remaining faithful to each other until death or accident divorces them. Thus the delays involved in choosing a mate and courtship are avoided; so are the preliminaries of searching for suitable nesting-sites, for they have a fondness for familiar areas and I recently visited a group of tall firs in which were four old nests belonging to the same pair of ravens. Each of those nests had been occupied again and again, after renovations had been carried out, but so far as I know the owners never used the same one in consecutive years. Instead, they preferred to leave each nest unoccupied for a year or two. Both sexes share the task of making the nest habitable, often showing their fondness for each other by cuddling close together—the very personification of marital love and devotion. At different intervals, during each day's activities, they sit on the rim of the nest holding each other's beak for quite a long time. Certain ravens, however, prefer coastal areas for nesting-quarters choosing inaccessible situations among the high rugged cliffs, and I know of a cavity on the Cornish coast where a pair (presumably the same two birds) have nested for many years; for each successive occupation fresh furnishings are provided, so that this ancestral home has now developed into a throne-like structure about three feet in height. It can be seen clearly from the cliff-top, being at least seventy feet above sea level and in a difficult position for photography, but an ideal sanctuary from the ravens' point of view. So huge is the nest that it fills the ledge on which it rests so completely that there is not an inch of standing room for the owners. A normal raven's nest is about two and a half feet in diameter, and made of sticks, twigs, roots, turf and

heather, to which is added a cosy lining of sheep's wool. Most of the twigs needed are plucked from growing trees, involving much hard work yet strangely enough, if a twig happens to fall from the birds' beaks during transport they seldom go to the ground to retrieve it. At the foot of a certain fir where I photographed nesting ravens quite a pile of twigs accumulated and I afterwards took them home to kindle fires.

Remembering that a raven is a large bird of twenty-six inches in length, I am always impressed by the small interior of its nest, but the eggs, too, are smaller than one would expect for the size of the bird. They vary in number from three to seven, the most common appearance being pale bluish-green spotted and blotched with brown and black, but I have seen eggs almost devoid of any pattern, the shell being of a distinct blue shade. They also vary in size and shape and it is not uncommon to observe noticeable differences among the eggs in the same nest. Incubation involves a period of twenty-one days in which male and female share, the young remaining in the nest for a long time. In common with the crow tribe (of which the raven is the largest member) the chicks have enormous appetites and it must indeed be a great relief to the industrious parents when at last, their brood become self-supporting. By means of a long ladder I once reached a raven's nest in the topmost branches of a tall pine where the lusty youngsters were snuggled together: they were so large that they were obliged to squat *on* the nest rather than in it, and occupied the whole of its area. With angry gaze their brownish eyes watched my approach and although they were fully feathered, their plumage was not quite so lustrous and iridescent as their parents; but they had well developed pouches at the base of the mandibles. It is in this pouch that the adults convey food to their nestlings, then, in a semi-digested condition, pump it into their open beaks. They have the advantage of a varied menu with a preference for carrion and seem to have an almost uncanny way of locating such tasty fare due, I believe, to their keen powers of smell. I know there are those observers who will not agree with such a suggestion, but I have watched ravens hovering over decomposed bodies that were so completely hidden from view that only a highly developed sense of smell could have induced them to search so thoroughly for the feast. Its fondness for carrion, however has earned it a bad reputation, but I very much doubt if some of the charges brought against it are true. Personally, I have never been able to establish to my own satisfaction that ravens have killed lambs unless they happened to be of a sickly constitution, for the fact that they may be seen feeding on the dead body is not proof that they slew it. I once saw a carrion crow kill a rabbit held in a steel gin, but before the trapper came on the scene a raven had driven the crow from its victim and was eating it. The trapper naturally blamed the raven for the death of the rabbit. Of course, I am not suggesting that similar crimes have never been committed by ravens, but trying to establish my own belief that they are often falsely accused. A rogue the raven certainly is, with a character as black as its attire yet, for all that, I am convinced that it is often blamed for the sins of its neighbours.

Although credited by most ornithologists as having more than the average intelligence I have never found ravens more difficult to study or photograph than rooks or carrion crows, for so sincere is their attachment

to their progeny that they do not hesitate to visit the nest in order to minister to their needs and even after they have left the nest the family party keep together. I have seen parents passing titbits of food to their offspring weeks after they have been on the wing. The superficial likeness of the raven to the rook often causes confusion among country folk, but in addition to the former's voice being more deep and harsh it is a noticeably larger bird, being six or seven inches longer than the rook. It possesses remarkable powers of flight, its broad wings giving it many advantages. One of its most remarkable aerial acrobatics is to soar upwards then, turning suddenly, to dive downwards accompanied by much turning, twisting, swooping and croaking. Locally, the raven is the victim of much stupid superstition and said to be a bird of ill-omen; in Cornwall, for instance, it is commonly believed that if an isolated raven passes over a dwelling and is heard to croak three times there will be a death in that house within three days. Needless to say, there is no truth whatever in this belief. Yet, in spite of such a sinister reputation many people keep ravens as pets, and they respond quite satisfactorily to domestication. There are instances of some having become quite fluent talkers, but let it be known that it does not aid their linguistic abilities to slit their tongue with a silver coin. Personally, I have never known a bird whose tongue has been so treated utter a single syllable.

B. MELVILLE NICHOLAS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

STEPS TO DISARMAMENT

THIRTY-NINE years have passed since the war was declared that started the still continuing habit of international conflict and chaos on the cruellest scale known to history. In a detached point of view it is so odd as to strain credulity that the collective mentality of the men who have successively held high political office in the countries of what we call the Great Powers has been proved to be consistently bankrupt of good performance for so long a period. Despite the stimulus of world-wide distress, persisting and worsening through so many years, political thought has failed to answer an elementary challenge. It is obvious that armaments are incompatible with peace; that they are in themselves a main cause of war; that there can be no peace or security among the nations until armaments be totally excluded from what our factories produce. For forty years every politician in every country, including Hitler, has protested his wish for peace. Yet not a single effective step in that period has been taken towards peace.

There are simple souls who have thereby been constrained to wonder if the world after all is to be accepted irretrievably as a cockpit of failure, even in its Maker's conception and purpose, made so from the beginning for a reason which is mysterious. What else can explain a state of affairs in which everybody wants peace and yet by their own deliberate choice refuse to do the only thing that would give them peace? There is something so unreasonable in this particular human failure that it constitutes a challenge to the very faith of our fathers. Conferences have been held, the diplomatic channels have been filled with exchanges, books written,

speeches made, decade after decade, all without effect. For nearly two generations (if one may be allowed to quote Burke's famous words from another context) "we have been lashed round and round this miserable circle of occasional arguments and temporary expedients. I am sure our heads must turn and our stomachs nauseate with them. We have had them in every shape; we have looked at them in every point of view. Invention is exhausted; reason is fatigued; experience has given judgment; but obstinacy is not yet conquered." If this were a matter of only academic import, lacking moral substance, physical convenience or practical consequence, or affecting only a few people, eccentric to boot, it would still be remarkable that it should go on so long without a solution, but little harm would be done.

When by contrast it is a matter of daily and drastic concern to every man, woman and child in the world, involving nothing less radical than life or death, sanity or insanity, in the widest possible scope, the bankruptcy of remedial resource becomes an outrage upon decency in the moral, and upon commonsense in the material, field of man's circumstance. We are so tired of it; we have considered it so often, failed so often, that we are tempted to give way to despair. Almost we no longer care if the next war does descend upon us and finish off this whole business of life on earth. Such, with scarcely an exaggeration, is the effect already produced upon many otherwise sanguine and normal people who ponder this particular enigma of high diplomacy. It is recognised that the world is a school of training for human souls, and that if things went too well, the said souls might droop from lack of exercise; but this failure in our time of high diplomacy to make progress in a matter so important and so urgent seems to exceed the bounds of what is needed for the good of our souls aforesaid. There is something almost obscene in the diplomatic pantomime. Yet—for the mercy, omnipotence and love of God are as limitless as they are impalpable to our human comprehension—the hope of international peace and the effort to attain it, spring eternal. The effort goes on. There is in fact no despair.

Again in this very year the representatives of what are called the Great Powers have been conferring with each other about the problem, vaguely defined, or not defined at all, of "peace" and the lessening of the international "tension." Why should there be tension? What is it all about? If there were no armaments, there could be no tension. It is an essential part of the madness that none of the parties concerned could say what it was afraid of, except—war! And they all go on piling up armaments against each other, thereby making more likely the one thing they are all afraid of. Fear normally produces the thing that is feared. Such is one of the main mysteries in the divine basis of what we call life. Only faith can produce security. Fear (which is the devil) is the one enemy, the opposite of faith. Armaments are the handmaids of fear. Hence it is that the history of half a century of diplomacy devoted to this problem of peace is the history of consistent failure, the obvious and only reason for the failure being that the participants have been actuated by fear, have never agreed to risk (though in the paradoxical event it would be the only course free from risk) that gesture of faith which alone could ensure peace through disarmament.

It is more than half a century since this modern phase of fruitless diplomacy began. On the very eve of the present catastrophic century, in 1899, there was held that first Hague Conference which was given the specific name of a Peace Conference, as though a presentiment was felt of what was in store if peace could not be ensured in advance. There is irony in the fact that at that time when the diplomatic enterprise was launched, the initiative came from Russia; today by contrast after the half century's failure it is Russia that constitutes the main continuing obstacle to that same enterprise. The Hague Conference of 1899 and its second session in 1907 resulted from a suggestion made by the emperor Nicholas II of Russia. The object, as it was defined by his Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Mouraviev, in a note dated January 11th, 1899, was to negotiate an "understanding not to increase for a fixed period the present effectives of the armed military and naval forces, and at the same time not to increase the budgets pertaining thereto; and a preliminary examination of the means by which even a reduction might be effected in future in the forces and budgets above mentioned." *Even a reduction!* A gleam of light seemed thus to penetrate the folly. But the folly was not dispersed. By another stroke of the irony it was Germany who at that time was mainly responsible for the failure. It was her military delegate who objected to the discussion of a reduction in armaments, which discussion was therefore abandoned. By contrast a generation later (in 1932) it was Germany who at the League of Nations Disarmament Conference took the initiative for a reduction in armaments, and it was France and Britain who defeated the project.

In 1899 the twenty-six participating Powers had to be content with the adoption of certain conventions of an academic quality about the pacific settlement of international disputes and the humanisation (save the mark!) of the methods of war by land and sea. Those conventions were academic because reason suggested, as experience later proved, that so long as armaments were available for war, no agreement between nations previously reached could restrain their use in war. It is an interesting fact that fear makes of men not only cowards but dolts. The notion of making war in a humane fashion is about as intelligent as would be the notion of getting wet in a dry fashion. Nor can cowards or dolts retain whatever sense of humour with which they might originally have been endowed. After the first world war, in which a new weapon, the submarine, had played an important part, a big-Power conference solemnly discussed a project for humanising a submarine. Now a submarine's only function is to approach a surface ship unseen and to sink it. In common with a tiger's claw, a submarine can either be used or not used. If used, it cannot in its nature be used in a humane manner. The like truth applies to the whole story of instruments agreed or proposed in our time about the "rules" of "civilised" warfare. War is the negation of rule, the bankruptcy of civilisation. The only way to civilise war is to stop it. A thing cannot be both black and white at the same time. In high diplomacy it is necessary to make statements such as this, although in other walks of life it would be regarded as so elementary and obvious as not to need the stating.

When the 1899 conference was in progress the scope presented to the imagination of those concerned was confined to war on land or on the sea.

There was no such thing in being or in contemplation, as an organised air arm comparable in importance with an army or a navy. But there were such things as balloons. It reminds one of the speed with which the technique of war has been developed in our time to recall that in 1899, that is within living memory, a conference of nations did solemnly agree upon a declaration to the effect that there should be prohibited the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons or other similar "new methods." It was ten years later (in 1909) that Blériot in an aeroplane first flew the twenty-miles from Calais to Dover. When the first world war broke out in 1914, aeroplanes were still unknown except as an adventurous vehicle for a twenty-mile hop, being incapable of carrying petrol for any longer hop. By the end of that war air forces were an organised fact (the British force being called the Royal Flying Corps), and bombs had been dropped on London. By the time the second war started, after an uneasy respite of twenty-one years, gas masks had been issued and underground shelters built in advance, it being taken for granted that the civilian population, men, women and children, would be bombed as a normal method of war; and by the time, less than six years later, that the war ended, the science of armaments had forged ahead so fast and so far that bomb-carrying aeroplanes were flown without the need of human pilots, bombs had been rocketed across the famous twenty-mile channel without the need even of an aeroplane, and the first atomic bombs had been dropped. "Mischief, thou art afoot; take thou what course thou wilt!" was by now the cry. Diplomacy had made its unconditional surrender to the devil.

The second war came to a sort of end, in the sense that a sort of surrender was made by the one side both in the west and in the east, but the general situation was so chaotic that no peace treaties could be negotiated; the factories went on producing armaments on a scale hitherto undreamt of; and the former allies (on paper the victorious allies) without pause ranged themselves against each other in readiness for potential new war, this time among themselves, engaging meanwhile in what was called a "cold" war by way of preparation. In particular the atomic piles in three continents went from one crazy height to another in the production of successively more devastating bombs, clouds and shells for use in war. The circumstance of life on earth had indeed reached a climax, taking the form of an elaborate provision of the means of universal, total, impartial suicide, the while a so-called United Nations performed a strange episode of cold war within its very walls. Its so-called Disarmament Commission, though it produced proposals for the limitation of the scope of future war on the basis of a Great Power maximum of 1,500,000 men apiece in their "peace-time" fighting strength, never even attempted to discuss disarmament, and never got within measurable distance of agreement on an alternative basis of limitation.

As the headlong plunge in the scientific sinews of war could be measured by the development of air warfare, so the diplomatic deterioration could be measured by the comparative record of what was talked of, though not achieved, by the League of Nations that followed the first, and the United Nations that followed the second, world war. Let it be recalled that the Treaty of Versailles which established the League of

Nations as an integral part of the machinery for the "firm, just and durable Peace" it promised, did at any rate show some appreciation of the connection between armaments and war, disarmament and peace. The first paragraph of Article VIII of the Covenant read thus: "The Members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations." It was not a very intelligent observation, but it was a tentative, if blind, bid in the right direction. It betrayed an instinctive feeling that there was something wrong in armaments as such. Armaments, even at "the lowest point" are not consistent, they are inconsistent, with national safety. The only difference between the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Charter of the United Nations, so far as their theoretically peaceful purpose was concerned, was that whereas the former postulated armaments for the "enforcement by common action of international obligations," without setting up a definite organisation of the forces thus postulated, the latter went to the length of setting up what became in effect a United Nations army.

Articles 42-47 of the Charter made detailed arrangements for action by joint "air, sea or land forces" (Article 42) and for a Military Staff Committee to assist the Security Council in the "application of armed force" (Article 46). An odd and muddled phrase was inserted in article 47, which defined the function of the Military Staff Committee as being to advise and assist the Security Council on military requirements, and on "the employment and command of forces placed at its disposal, the regulation of armaments, *and possible disarmament*" (my italics): a curious hotchpotch in the programme. Needless to say, the possibility of disarmament never came within the agenda. There came to pass, by contrast, a war in Korea: a virtual war between the United Nations as a whole and one of its own members. The text of the United Nations Charter begins thus: "Article 1. The Purposes of the United Nations are: 1. To maintain international peace and security . . ." The Preamble begins thus: "We the peoples of the United Nations determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind . . ." It was signed in San Francisco on June 26th 1945. Only five years later the United Nations was itself engaged in war. In effect, though vicariously, it was Russia who launched that war, and she was, and remained, a member of the United Nations.

There has been, as it were, a cumulative quality in the morbid irony attaching to the quest for peace in our time. The Treaty of Versailles disarmed Germany, the defeated party in the war then ended; but the Preamble to Part V of the Treaty (Military, Naval and Air Clauses) which effected that disarmament stipulated that Germany was to be disarmed "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." No step was taken, however, towards such a general end. When the Locarno Treaty was negotiated with Germany six years later (1925) the Versailles promise of a general reduction in armaments was repeated. Again no step was taken towards that end. Germany was admitted to membership of the League of Nations in the

year following the signing of the Locarno Treaty (1926), her only interest in the League being constituted by the said prospect of a reduction in armaments. At last, in 1932, the League did in fact convene what was called a Disarmament Conference. It quickly became obvious that whatever else might be discussed or done by the conference, disarmament would be neither achieved nor discussed, and the German delegation therefore made its proposal, as a *pis aller*, of at any rate an agreed limitation of armaments on the part of the four Western Powers on whom the peace of the world could be expected to depend. She proposed that France, Britain, Italy and Germany should undertake not to exceed 300,000 as the peace-time strength of their armed forces. France and Britain rejected that proposal on the ground that they were not prepared to accept a status of equality with Germany in the matter of armed forces. Fear again was in command.

Germany walked out of the conference and out of the League of Nations. Three months later, in January 1933, Hitler became Chancellor of Germany by the democratic process of being elected as such, and the second world war was thus foreshadowed on the diplomatic horizon. Germany, who in 1899 defeated a Russian proposal for the reduction of armaments, was in 1932 herself defeated when she in her turn made a proposal for such a reduction, and in the post-1945 period, when Russia has maintained a greater array of armaments than any other country in the world, now or at any time in history, and has been the chief obstacle to international peace, Germany has not even had a voice in the incidental diplomacy. She is not a member of the United Nations, and has therefore made no contribution to its Disarmament Commission. Could folly and obstinacy in any imaginable circumstance do more harm to the sum of human welfare than in our time they have in fact already done? And is there to be no end to it? Any person of average commonsense, not concerned in the professional processes of international diplomacy, could at a moment's notice draft a fool-proof scheme of full disarmament such as by itself would ensure peace in our time.

A general machinery, operative in all countries, and constituted in each country by the representatives of every *other* country, empowered simply to prohibit the manufacture of armaments, would without the possibility of failure achieve the object. There is an overwhelming mass of popular opinion throughout the world available to support and ensure the success of such a scheme. There is evidence that public opinion is at last becoming roused, is becoming impatient of the diplomatic failure. The New York Times for instance of April 28th last published a summary of a letter written by a certain American citizen, Mr. F. C. Smedley, who deplored the fact that President Eisenhower in his first important announcement had not made a bid for the full elimination, as distinct from the mere limitation, of armaments. "War" he wrote "is a cancer which must be removed from the body politic. In excising cancer, no competent surgeon operates piecemeal. He removes the whole malignant growth. If he fails to do so, the remnant he leaves in his patient's body quickly replaces the part which was removed, and the patient almost invariably dies." He even submitted that total disarmament is a practical possibility, whereas the limitation of armaments is a proved impossibility. "Only complete

disarmament" he wrote, "meaning zero quotas in all categories, could ever be agreed upon without negotiations getting all snarled in technicalities such as have prevented all past efforts to reduce arms by quotas and categories from being successful." He recalled that General MacArthur, when giving evidence on his dismissal in May 1951, advocated "the abolition of war" as the only possible successful answer to militant Communist aggression: an interesting observation to be read in the context of half a century of history wherein two world wars gave to communism the opportunity it could not otherwise have had. Mr. Smedley also recalled the fact that "the President himself, in 1946, while he was still our Chief of Staff, told a Boston University graduating class during his Commencement address to them: 'It is your business to put us out of business'."

He ended his argument by answering those who imagine that no scheme of total disarmament could be put into operation unless it were first unanimously agreed to by all nations. His answer was that if the United Nations Disarmament Commission boldly adopted a scheme for total disarmament, it would in practice be impossible for any dissident nation to hold out against it. "Holdout governments" he wrote, "would soon be placed in a position, even if they do not engage in war, wherein they would have to go along with the programme or be overthrown by revolution."

It seems indeed possible that this great need of our time, the need to remove from the hands of governments the means of making war, must be met after all by an upsurge of determination and an act of faith and of will by the common people: the remedy thus coming from below, not from above. President Eisenhower on April 16th last made his proposal, not indeed for full disarmament, the more's the pity, but for still another attempt at an agreed limitation; but he at any rate fortified the proposal by an appeal to public opinion. He suggested that the money and energy now wasted on armaments—he put it no higher—might be diverted to provide a means of attack upon hunger and poverty. "The purpose" he declared "of the United States in stating these proposals is simple and clear. These proposals spring—without ulterior purpose or political passion—from our calm conviction that the hunger for just peace is in the hearts of all peoples—those of Russia and China no less than of our own country. They conform to our firm faith that God created men to enjoy, not destroy, the fruits of the earth and of their own toil. They aspire to this: the lifting from the backs and from the hearts of men of their burden of arms and of fears, so that they may find before them a golden age of freedom and of peace."

In the name of that faith he invoked, and of his very purpose to lift that twin burden of arms and of fears (rightly so linked, for they are cause and effect), why, oh why, did he not burn his boats and plunge boldly for disarmament, total, immediate, permanent? Faith is impossible if there be left open a back door to the old fears, the old armaments. Is it not obvious after all that it is the peoples who by a miracle of contrivance (miracle being the commonplace and easy reward of faith) must lead their Presidents and Prime Ministers into the only way of peace?

July 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LORD PAKENHAM

There has recently been an extensive outcrop of political autobiographies and biographies. In the Labour Party section of the field anyone who turns, like this reviewer, from the Letters, and also the life, of Harold Laski, with their violent anti-religionism and their recorded Voltairean belief that wisdom lies in the borderland "between wit and malice," to Lord Pakenham's *Born to Believe** enters a spiritually and morally different world. He is not guiltless of maintaining that ambition is necessary for a politician—I should not have thought that Lansbury or Henderson or Attlee or Lawson or Creech Jones, all politicians of senior rank, were characterised by it—nor is he occasionally guiltless of taking himself perhaps just a little seriously, as indeed in some circumstances he well may. But this brief autobiography guilelessly shows a character of great charm, of even greater conscientiousness, free from the canker of ambition for personal advantage and vanity, and quite singularly dedicated to the public service. It is refreshing and encouraging at the beginning of a new reign to know that there are such people about, and that, in British political life, they are entrusted with not inconsiderable power. It adds flowers to the garland of public life, in too many countries a despised thing.

This brief autobiography shows us the son of a peer, later a peer in his own right, a man capable of such charming eccentricities as riding horses the wrong way round a racing track, and who counts among his ancestors one Edmund Pakenham, "Clerk Controller of His (?) Majesty's Revels and Tents" in 1595, becoming from Conservative beginnings a Labour Minister and from a Protestant Irish landlord becoming a Catholic convert. In many ways Frank Pakenham's characteristics are those of the present Duke of Norfolk; but he wears his sense of duty with a difference, just as he has undergone metamorphoses of which the head of the House of Howard is innocent. Those of us who became Socialists neither from personal resentment nor from class interest, but from the sense, which early youth enjoys, for social justice, and have remained non-Marxists, will enter into the sentiments of moral shock which brought Lord Pakenham over into the Labour camp, which for him, in social philosophy, could appropriately be called the Christian Labour camp. It is against the views of men such as this and the ex-Lord Privy Seal that (a thing of wonder in Continental Europe) the doctrinaire rationalist semi-Marxism of Professors Laski and Cole can, for all their sophistication, make no headway unless the Socialist Party is prepared to risk a schism in its ranks. One should perhaps add that a Pakenham, a Stokes, and others such, might be powerless unless so much of politically powerful Lancashire and Clydeside thought the same way. Nevertheless this reviewer would be prepared to sacrifice several pages of description of what happened at the Ministry of Civil Aviation, and even the photograph of "the author as a Minister of the Crown," for more pages of the spiritual Odyssey of a certain delightful and intelligent person called Frank Pakenham. There have, in British history, been a round thousand or more Ministers of the Crown and, with the exception of the Premiers and Foreign Ministers, their names are mostly forgotten. Who, however, has forgotten the name of a Bunyan, a Pascal, a Wesley, a Newman? Who cares to remember the names even of the succession of Ministers of Supply, or of the last ten Home Secretaries? If Lord Pakenham died tomorrow, *absit omen*, he would probably be remembered as, first, an eminent Catholic in contemporary England, and, secondly, as a man who, taking the junior position of Chancellor of the Duchy, made it something by acting as a conscience to that great but dominating man, Ernest Bevin, and deeply affecting for good, when placed in the invidious

position of a conqueror, the lives, happiness, and hopes of millions of Germans. In the then emotional condition of Britain this was both unusual conduct and required exceptional moral courage. And what mattered here was, not the politician, since a leading soldier or civil servant might have been in like position, but the religious and devoted man into whose hands authority had been placed for a whole people at a moment of destiny. However, despite the title *Born to Believe*, Lord Pakenham may have felt that to have let us more profoundly into the problems of his religious evolution would unduly shift the proportion of his book and make it too controversial. Anyone who has seen, over a generation, much of parliamentary candidates, not least of the Left, may perhaps be pardoned the judgment that, of all the lives of themselves or about themselves, recently published by politicians or their editors (usually at far too high prices, as if we were all millionaires or public librarians), there is no single one more calculated to give pause to the young aspirant to think, and to deepen his whole outlook, than this God-fearing little testament.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN.

*Lord Pakenham. *Born to Believe, an Autobiography*. Cape. 18s.

THE PRINCE REGENT*

With the exception of Charles II, declares Miss Stuart in her Preface, no English monarch has been more constantly and unfairly misrepresented than George IV, mainly owing to the hostility of the disgruntled Whigs and to Thackeray's celebrated caricature in *The Four Georges*. Her object, she explains, is not to whitewash a man whose failings were notorious, but to scrape off some of the blackwash. In this endeavour she has been completely successful. The Regent—for it is only with the Regency years that she is concerned—emerges as a human being, capable both of feeling and inspiring affection, kindly disposed by nature, a lover of the arts, who won the liking and respect of Walter Scott and others whose good opinion was worth having.

If it is too much to say that he was more sinned against than sinning, he was at any rate singularly unlucky in his marriage. Though Caroline of Brunswick plays a minor part in the drama unfolded in these pages, for they only spent a year together, she is always mentioned in a tone of severity rarely adopted by the author in this and her other books on a period which she knows so well. "She is a devil, a very devil," exclaimed her husband to the royal physician, and Miss Stuart describes her as more than a little mad. He consoled himself with other women, as most princes of his time would doubtless have done if saddled with such a partner. The story of royal marriages throughout the ages has been a story of broken hearts. "George IV", declared Wellington, an excellent judge of character, "presented the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy, and good feeling, in short a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good." That weighty verdict is accepted by Miss Stuart. The most attractive feature in the portrait is the devotion and gratitude of his sisters. If no one could salute him as a model son or a faithful husband, he was at any rate a good and helpful brother. With his father he had too little in common for loving intimacy; to his aged mother he showed real tenderness in her last hours.

Miss Stuart is equally charitable in dealing with the public record of the Regent. Broadly speaking, the Hanoverians were an unattractive dynasty, but he was by no means the worst of the lot. Indeed, she maintains that he was the best fitted for the task of ruling England during one of the most glorious periods in her history. "Could the dull, morose George I, the spluttering, strutting George II, the virtuous, voluble George III have done it with such *panache*? And *panache* was precisely what the times and circumstances

required." Against his addiction to women and strong drink may be set his genuine love of the arts, his patronage of the Royal Academy, his encouragement of Lawrence and Nash. He lives, if by nothing else, in the Windsor Castle of today, in the stately terraces of Regent's Park, in the ornate splendour of Carlton House Terrace, and in Buckingham Palace.

Miss Stuart has made no attempt to tell the whole story of the life of the first-born of George III and Queen Charlotte, of the long years of youthful dissipation, of the political opposition under the banner of Fox, of the final decade when he exchanged the Regency for the throne. She is more interested in character and social life than in party politics, diplomacy and war. This limitation of time and subject relieves her of the necessity of delivering final judgment on his position in the broad perspective of English history. When all has been said for him which can justly be said—which she has done with keen insight and literary skill—the Recording Angel must still pronounce that he, like his brother and successor William IV, let the Monarchy down and left it weaker than they had found it. Nasty old men, exclaimed Lytton Strachey as he traced the youth of the great Queen who cleaned up the life of the Court, restored respect for the Crown, and lived long enough to earn the veneration of her peoples at home and beyond the seas.

G. P. GOOCH.

*Dorothy Margaret Stuart. *Portrait of the Prince Regent*. Methuen. 18s.

AFRICA'S FUTURE

Mr. Vernon Bartlett's survey of countries throughout the length and breadth of Africa, with its fascinating personal glimpses of places and people seen, and things heard, is not only good reading but also most instructive. The problems he depicts are human problems, closely affecting the peoples' lives. One feels, as one reads his pages, that with goodwill none of them are insoluble. But that spirit of goodwill is essential, and without it the future is dark indeed. How are prejudices and fears to be cleared away? How is a renewed outlook of trust to be developed among the Africans and to be met by a spirit of sincerity and co-operativeness, by a sacrifice of pride, on the part of the European? That this is needed is Mr. Bartlett's contention and then, he suggests, the partnership between White and Black, Black and White, which is the only true solution, may become a reality.

Perhaps the most alarming picture is that of South Africa. There the strife between Black and White is rendered all the more obstinate by the rift between the dominating European races. He does not advocate the placing of the Native on the same electoral footing as the white man. "British democracy," he writes, "was not invented for a plural society." He maintains that "the crime of the Nationalists is less that they want to maintain the dominance of the white man than that they are doing so by destroying the hope and faith of the black man." "Apartheid," he maintains, may break down through its own anomalies and absurdities. But there may not be time to avert the threatening crash. Possibilities of the States of the Union forming a Republic and seceding give rise to an interesting speculation. Might Natal perhaps refuse to join the Republic, and remain in the Commonwealth, forming a focus which might be joined by the neighbouring Protectorates of Basutoland and Swaziland?

Mr. Bartlett wishes to see Africa's resources developed for the sake of the African peoples and that of the world. But it is his conviction that the African must be a partner in the whole business of development. Happy examples of such partnership are described in his pages, such as the wonderful Gezira scheme in the Sudan, where, with the advice of Europeans, the administration is as much as possible in the hands of village and estate councils. The standard

of life of the whole community is being raised and, writes Mr. Bartlett, "probably nowhere in Africa is the ordinary peasant receiving so thorough a grounding in the practical side of democracy." Another amazing experiment in co-operation is the Kilimanjaro Native Union in Tanganyika with its vast Community Centre—its reading rooms, printing press and restaurant, for which the initiative came from Mr. A. L. B. Bennett, but the development was due to the Chagga Chiefs and tribe. On the whole one has the impression that it is not through the transference to the African of ready-made schemes of democratic administration but by co-operation in which White joins with Black that Mr. Bartlett sees most hope. Of the West African he writes: "If we hand over to him the seals of office almost before he begins to ask for them. . . . will he be grateful for all we have done for him in the past and prepared to co-operate with us in the future? In Kenya, as elsewhere, the African must have rights, political and social, according to his capacity, without question of colour. But to aim at a black man's continent means "bitterness, revolt, suppression and bloodshed." "We must," he writes, "make partnership a reality and we have little time in which to do it."

MOSA ANDERSON.

*Vernon Bartlett. *The Struggle for Africa*. Frederick Muller. 15s.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE WORLD

The first volume of a work entitled *Historia Mundi* has just been brought out by a distinguished Swiss publisher, and nine further instalments are to follow. For the first time after the last war a group of historians of many nations has joined hands to produce a work of this kind. The list of contributors shows many prominent names, and there is no doubt that the work will embody the most recent results of scholarly research. The originator was Professor Fritz Kern, formerly of the University of Bonn, who during the war lived in exile in Switzerland. His name became famous through his studies in medieval history. Unfortunately he died before the work began to appear, but he has explained some of his ideas in a short introductory chapter. He reminds us that it was always great catastrophes such as the last war which have stimulated the historical sense, thinking on human nature, and a critical attitude to many illusions. Former ages would have seen in such events a terrible judgment of God, and later writers have tried to give them a philosophical interpretation. Kern mentions Toynbee whose religious outlook has his sympathy, though he does not believe in a cyclical determinism, and would include also the civilizations of the pre-historic and primitive peoples. This extension backwards, however, has already been proposed by other schools with which Kern entirely disagrees. They both assume an evolution in a straight line from the ape-man to the present level of civilization, but one believes in continuous moral progress, while the other stresses the struggle for life and glorifies force as the motive power in human development. In contrast to these theories Kern adheres to the school of historical ethnology founded by Graebner, Ankermann and Schmidt which has greatly enriched our knowledge and understanding of the development of civilizations. These ideas of the planner of *Historia Mundi* explain the fact that the whole first volume deals with the earliest vestiges of human activities and the primitive forms of society. The necessity of giving more attention to these early phases has also been recognized by other newer works of this kind for example by the great series *L'Évolution de l'Humanité*, edited by Henri Berr, which devotes several volumes to them. But *Historia Mundi*, being published thirty years later, can utilise many recent discoveries of great importance.

The later periods will be treated with unusual attention to the countries outside Europe, too often merely regarded as secondary subjects. Today however, when so many long-neglected peoples claim to have reached the full status of nationhood, we must try to learn more of their history and to look at it not merely from the European point of view. The successor of Fritz Kern as editor is Professor F. Valjavec of Munich, author of several important works in the field of modern history, in particular that of South Eastern Europe. Among the co-editors each of the following countries is represented by a well-known historian: United States, France, England, Sweden, Germany, Spain, Austria, Switzerland and Italy.

DR. FREDERICK HERTZ.

Historia Mundi, Ein Handbuch der Weltgeschichte in zehn Bänden, begründet von Fritz Kern, herausgegeben von F. Valjavec. Erster Band: Frühe Menschheit, 560 p. Francke Verlag, Bern. Price Fr.27.55.

ROYAL PALADIN*

Of all the English words which have lost caste "romantic" has perhaps suffered most severely; yet in its earlier sense, with its trumpet-sound, "On Fontarabian echoes borne," it is peculiarly appropriate to that authentic Paladin, Rupert of the Rhine, who has now found in Major Bernard Fergusson a biographer both sympathetic and discriminating. His story ought to be written in three stages—by a soldier, a seaman, and a man of science respectively. The late Clennell Wilkinson devoted a whole study to the military stage, but he could not, as Major Fergusson can, survey the battles of the Civil War with a soldier's eye. It is a saddening experience to trace again the chronicle of those years when Rupert, the professional soldier, was failing so disastrously to make professionals of the Cavaliers at the very time that Cromwell, the amateur, was so successfully performing that office for the new Parliamentary levies. The Prince's activities as a naval commander and a naval administrator are not underrated, and he is here credited once more with the invention of the art of mezzotint, of which some recent authorities have considered him to be merely one of the earliest as well as one of the best exponents. If the last years at Windsor are somewhat summarily dealt with, we must accept the author's plea that materials become inevitably more scanty as the long, eventful life wanes to its close. No mention is made of the fine, falcon-like portrait of himself presented by Rupert to the City Fathers of the royal burgh, nor of the lease in their archives authorizing Mrs. Elinor Gwyn to add to the grounds of her house near the Castle a portion of the garden which had been his. Only in one respect does this well-painted Kit-Kat seem a little out of drawing. Surely this grim, sardonic, masterful Prince was not justly to be described as "boisterous"? Boisterousness carries with it a suggestion of geniality, the William IV touch, and it is difficult to imagine that even in his wildest moods there can ever have been anything genial about Rupert of the Rhine.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

**Rupert of the Rhine.* By Major Bernard Fergusson. *Brief Lives Series.* Collins. 7s. 6d.

MARY SHELLEY IN HER LETTERS*

A considerable literature has grown up recently round Mary Shelley, based mainly on her letters and journal. The present editors have put together an attractive selection of the letters, which have not previously been available in any single volume; they acknowledge their indebtedness to former biographers. They concur in the more favourable estimate of Mary's somewhat enigmatic personality that some have expressed, and, in a valuable Introduction, they examine the disparaging views of others, among them T. S. Eliot and Herbert

Read. Her friendships, and the vicissitudes of her life, are discussed, and attention is called to her creative work. The notes supplied to the letters are admirable; an index of their contents would have been a useful addition. The book is beautifully produced.

The editors maintain that the eight years of the Shelleys' married life was a happy period for both, in spite of well-known difficult circumstances, and of Mary's occasional fits of depression, aggravated by ill-health and the deaths of her infants. While Shelley would probably never have found any woman to satisfy his dream ideal, they consider that Mary approached it as nearly as any could. She shared his passion for Nature; they read poetry together, Mary delighting in Spenser and Ariosto; she is enthusiastic over Greece's declaration of independence. Mary made Shelley's interests her first consideration, and, after his death, was engrossed by the memory of "that bright planetary spirit (who) raised me to the height of happiness." Her letters reveal her as impulsive, generous, loyal to her exacting father, Godwin, and her friends. Her correspondents include leading literary figures of the day. One letter, among many, to Trelawny expresses deep gratitude for his services at the time of the tragedy; another is a dignified remonstrance to Byron on Leigh Hunt's behalf; another assures Thomas Moore that Shelley had appreciated his poems. Mary's own novels are mentioned, but not discussed; she does, however, describe a performance of *Frankenstein* in London. A pleasant note is struck by her friendship with the Lambs, and by her happy relations with her surviving son.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

**My Best Mary.* By Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford. Allan Wingate. 15s.

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Sir Drummond Shiels is the Advisory Editor of a popular and copiously illustrated symposium on *The British Commonwealth, A Family of Peoples*.^{*} The main aims of the volume are to describe, in simply written authoritative articles, the growth of the Dominions and Colonies, the character and place of the Commonwealth in world affairs, and the chief geographical, political, social and economic characteristics of the individual parts, including the United Kingdom. On the whole the volume provides a balanced picture of this vast subject in less than four hundred pages. There are, however, exceptions. The Sudan, for example, deserves more than half a page to itself. Indeed most of the colonies are given much too brief and scanty treatment. In addition to Sir Drummond Shiels, the contributors include Dr. J. A. Williamson on the development of the Commonwealth, Mr. A. Creech Jones on the United Kingdom, Eire and the European Colonies, Professor G. S. Graham on Canada, Sir Ronald Cross on Australia, Professor W. P. Morrell on New Zealand, Sir William Clark on South Africa, Sir Frank Brown upon India and Pakistan, and Sir Charles Collins on Ceylon. Lord Boyd Orr writes on Commonwealth food resources, Professor Sir Arnold Plant discusses economic problems, Dr. D. Mitrany deals with functional co-operation in the Commonwealth. Mr. Frederick Madden discusses the constitutional growth and characteristics of the Dominions and the Colonies and their relationship *inter se*. The place of the Commonwealth in world affairs is considered by Professor Nicholas Mansergh. This volume, packed with information concisely and lucidly expressed by experts, should appeal to those seeking a first introduction to this vast and inspiring subject.

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